PAGANISM EXPLAINED



PART I: PRYMSKVIÐA

VARG VIKERNES & MARIE CACHET

Paganism Explained Part I: Þrymskviða

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Initial Notes

My contribution to this (the first one in a series) have mainly been to translate the Norse stanzas, to find the etymological meanings to some of the different names and to write the English text. The *Maïeutics* itself is mainly the work of my wife, Marie.

Varg Vikernes July 2017

Shadows Dancing on the Wall

Imagine that you are a child again and you still believe in "Santa Claus". When your parents tell you about the Yule traditions, you see them from the perspective of a child. Innocent, but also ignorant. When you grow older you *understand* that there is no "Santa Claus", and you see reality. You have passed a test. You have turned around and can now see what is causing the shadows on the wall in front of you to dance.

Our mythology must be understood in this light. The purpose is not to make people believe in fictional entities and fantastical events. The purpose is not to make people believe the shadows dancing on the wall are real. The purpose is to educate and to distinguish the wheat from the tares.

This explains the purpose of our mythology, but it also explains *why* the Tradition of our forebears was replaced by Christianity and some places Islam. The

Native European Tradition was a system of tests, and only the best would pass those tests and become initiated. When the Native European man diminished, because of the domestication of animals, agriculture and later civilization, fewer and fewer Native Europeans were able to pass those tests, and to more and more of them their Tradition remained "a belief in Santa Claus".

Before we continue, let me explain briefly why and how the domestication of animals, and later civilization agriculture diminished the Native European man. In short, this brought an easier life and a much more comfortable life. The natural selection that the nomadic hunter-gatherer lifestyle had ensured was removed. Life became too easy and too comfortable, and the Native European man began to himself. This domesticate autodomestication in turn lead to a dramatical lowering of the intelligence level of the Native European man.

Because of that auto-domestication, gradually, over time, more and more Native Europeans failed to turn around and see that caused the shadows to dance on the wall in front of them. Even in the Classical Antiquity, the Native European Tradition had lost almost all meaning to the vast majority of Native Europeans. It offered close to nothing to them. The majority had become too simple minded to discover it's deeper meaning.

Thus when Christianity arrived, it was possible to replace the Native European Tradition. The average man still believed in "Santa Claus", so to speak, and thus could be duped, bribed, threatened or forced to accept a new faith, with promises that were much more attractive than that silly belief in "Santa Claus".

The new faith from the desert had little real content too, it had the depth of a shallow bath dub, so the Native European man *kept* his Native European Traditions, even

though he officially had accepted a new faith. Therefore we see today a Christianity so steeped in Pagan Traditions, celebrating Pagan high festivals and Pagan Gods and Goddesses as "Saints" (like the well known "Santa Claus"), and incorporating Pagan myths, song, stories and even ideals. Because of that, we are even today able to explain the Native European Tradition, from A to Z.

Maïeutics

Maïeutics, a term for "midwifery", is (here) a name for a Socratic method of "giving birth to minds". Maïa, a Native European goddess, is the midwife helping the mother give birth, and we intend with these books "to help give birth to minds", by unveiling the secrets of our forebears.

Before any Maïeutics can begin though, we need to "cut through the crap" that has been firmly placed in between us and our own heritage, by the Christians and scholars. Ever since the beginning of the

Christianization of Europe the intentional falsification and Christianization of our heritage has poisoned the well of knowledge. This poisoning continued during and after the Renaissance (a revival of our own heritage) and even into modern times. Whatever was written by our forebears, was interpreted in a Christian light. Whatever was found from the pre-Christian era, was analysed from a Christian perspective. E. g. even though our forebears, from all over Europe, tell us plain and clear that they believed in reincarnation, the Christians interpreted the myths and traditions and graves and tales as if our forebears believed in a "heavenly afterlife". Also, the European deities were looked upon like the Christians view their own Hebrew God.

But our forebears did *not* believe that the dead brought with them all the things they were buried with to some "heavenly afterlife". Their deities were *not* anything like the Hebrew God. Their myths were *not*

"creation myths". Loki was not "their devil". And so forth.

Yet, even today the scholars ignore the obvious and well documented fact that *our* forebears believed in reincarnation. As we will show you, the evidence is all over our mythology, our myths, in historical records, in archaeology, in songs and in traditions. But the scholars refuse to see, because they are *locked* in their *Christian* perspective.

When they interpret everything from the obviously wrong perspective, then of course everything they say and write about this becomes nothing short of misinformation. They educate themselves and others to ignorance. They learn and parrot lies. They cover our entire heritage in mud.

So before we begin, please let us help you wash away the mud, and start with clean sheets. "Unlearn" what the scholars have taught you, and be ready to see our heritage for what it is.

Hamingja

As we will show you with this book series, to our Pagan forebears the physical death was only the death of the physical shape, and your spirit would keep on existing. Therefore they talked about e. g. Hamhleypa ("running in shapes") and Hamingja ("walk in shapes"). You, the real you, was a spirit, and life was just "a walk in physical shapes". Every time your body died, you would leave it, before you were reborn again, in a new body.

In order for the spirit to return to life, in order for you to be reincarnated ("be given a new physical body"), you had to find back to yourself. This was important, because your memories were stored not in any part of your physical body, but in your spirit. So finding back to yourself was not just about "returning to life", but mainly about remembering past lives — past experiences. It was about you remembering what you knew before. Now, how useful would not that have been, if you could

remember what you knew and learned in previous lives? Instead of having to start every life on bare ground, you could build on, from where you had left in the previous life.

As we will show you with this book series, our myths, our fairy tales, and our whole tradition therefore revolves around this concept: of you finding back to yourself.

The Science of Patterns

As you will see, our forebears knew a lot more than people today give them credit for. They even knew things that we today are only able to know because of *modern* science. Many will not accept what we say in our books because of that. "How could they know?" Well, they knew because they understood that they were a part of nature (and not above it, like Christians think), and they studied the *patterns* of nature. Thus they could e. g. understand that liquid runs through the branches of a tree,

because the tree looks like the blood vessels of our bodies, and like rivers in the valley below. Same pattern, same function. Same function, same pattern. They could further e. g. understand that the bear mates in the spring and summer, but does not have a developed fetus until after it starts to hibernate (around Halloween). And regardless of the moment of mating, they all give birth to their cubs at the same time (around Yule). They could see that the fat she-bears had many cubs, and the others few or even none. So they could understand that the she-bear could "freeze" the embryos and later decide how many she would develop based on how much fat she had on her body. You don't need a microscope to understand that, you can simply just observe nature and use your head. And that is what they did. That is how they were able to understand so much.

Gods & Goddesses

Our forebears' belief in spirits and reincarnation naturally comes into conflict with what Christians/scholars tell us about their deities. Not because there is a real discrepancy there, but because what they tell us is simply not correct. The Christians/scholars know only the belief in "Santa Claus", and then do their best to misrepresent that, and we end up with an image of Pagans thinking the gods rode wagons in the sky and ripped one eye out and threw it into a well, or with talking severed heads and beautiful goddesses sleeping with dwarves or eight-legged horses born by a god and magic hammers, and men turned into stone by the gaze of the Medusa and so forth. They even go look for a real historical city called Troy, because they have not understood anything. Their entire effort is based around locating where "Santa Claus" lives, so to speak.

So, starting with this little booklet, we will systematically unveil the deities of our ancestors, show their nature, show their purposes, show their meaning and show you the true European Tradition. We begin with Prymskviða, but will try to cover as much as we can, as much as we can find the time for in this life.

Because our Native European heritage is pan-European, with only flavour differences from North to South, and from East to West, we will talk about fairy tales, myths, traditions, songs and archaeological finds from all over Europe – and sometimes even from beyond, to areas where Native Europeans used to live in the past.

On the following pages, you will find Prymskviða in both Norse (the language it was recorded in) and English. In the end you will find an interpretation by my wife.

Prymskviða

1.
Vreiðr var þá Vingþórr er hann vaknaði ok síns hamars of saknaði, skegg nam at hrista, skör nam at dýja, réð Jarðar burr um at þreifask.

1. Ox-Pórr was angry when he woke up, and missed his hammer/rock. He shook his beard, he shook his head/hair, the son of Earth started to feel around (with his hands).

The name Ving-Pórr is often translated as "Ving-Pórr", but the Ving- prefix means "ox", so I use the term "Ox-Pórr" here. The name Pórr itself means "thunder".

Ok hann þat orða alls fyrst of kvað: "Heyrðu nú, Loki, hvat ek nú mæli er eigi veit jarðar hvergi né upphimins: áss er stolinn hamri!"

And he the words
first of all said:
"Hear Loki,
hear what I say,
that nobody on Earth
or in the high heavens know:
they have stolen the stone/hammer
from the spirit".

Norse *áss* derives from proto-Nordic **ansuR*, from proto-Germanic **ansuz*, meaning "spirit", but it is generally understood by scholars as being the name for the Norse gods.

Gengu þeir fagra Freyju túna, ok hann þat orða alls fyrst of kvað: "Muntu mér, Freyja, fjaðrhams léa, ef ek minn hamar mættak hitta?".

3.

They went to fair
Freyja in the courtyard,
and he the words
first of all said:
"Will you, Freyja,
let me borrow your
feather-shape
so that I can find my hammer?"

Freyja kvað:

4.

"Þó munda ek gefa þér þótt ór gulli væri, ok þó selja, at væri ór silfri."

Freyja said:

4.

"I gave it to you with pleasure, even if it had been made of gold, and let you have it even if it had been made of silver."

5.

Fló þá Loki,
- fjaðrhamr dunði, unz fyr útan kom
ása garða
ok fyr innan kom
jötna heima.

Loki then flew
- the feather-shape thundered until he left
the yard of the spirits
and he came into
the home of the ettins.

6.
Prymr sat á haugi,
þursa dróttinn,
greyjum sínum
gullbönd sneri
ok mörum sínum
mön jafnaði.

6.

Prymr ("Rumble") sat on the mound the king of noise, he made golden cords for his dogs and combed the manes of his horses.

Þrymr kvað:

7.

"Hvat er með ásum? Hvat er með alfum? Hví ertu einn kominn í Jötunheima?"

Loki kvað:

"Illt er með ásum, illt er með alfum; hefr þú Hlórriða hamar of folginn?"

Prymr said:

How are the spirits?
How are the elves?
Why have you come alone to the home of the ettins?

Loki said:

"The spirits feel bad, the elves feel bad. Have you Hlórriða's ("rider of warmth") rock/hammer hidden?"

Ettin means "big eater" or simply "hunger", from proto-Nordic *etunaR, from proto-Germanic *etunaz.

Þrymr kvað:

8.
"Ek hef Hlórriða.
hamar of folginn
átta röstum
fyr jörð neðan;
hann engi maðr
aftr of heimtir,
nema færi mér
Freyju at kvæn."

8.

"I have Hlórriða's
rock/hammer hidden,
eight rests
under the Earth;
no man
can bring it home,
unless he brings me
Freyja as wife."

A rest is how long you can travel before you need a rest. Usually about two hours.

9.
Fló þá Loki,
- fjaðrhamr dunði, unz fyr útan kom
jötna heima
ok fyr innan kom
ása garða.
Mætti hann Þór
miðra garða,
ok þat hann orða
alls fyrst of kvað:

9. Loki flew

- the feather-shape thundered - until he left the home of the ettins, and entered the yard of the spirits. He met Pórr in the middle of the yard, and he spoke first of all the words:

10.

"Hefr þú erendi sem erfiði? Segðu á lofti löng tíðendi, oft sitjanda sögur of fallask ok liggjandi lygi of bellir." 10.

"Have you a troublesome result?
Tell me in the air the long news; often the sitting forget his tales, and the lying down dare lie."

Loki kvað:

11.

"Hef ek erfiði
ok erendi;
Þrymr hefr þinn hamar,
þursa dróttinn;
hann engi maðr
aftr of heimtir,
nema hánum færi
Freyju at kván.

Loki said:

"Have I troublesome
news;
Prymr has your stone/hammer,
the king of noise,
no man
can bring it home,
unless he brings him
Freyja as wife."

Ganga þeir fagra
Freyju at hitta,
ok hann þat orða
alls fyrst of kvað:
"Bittu þik, Freyja,
brúðar líni;
vit skulum aka tvau
í Jötunheima."

They went to find
the fair Freyja,
and he first of
all said:
"Cover yourself, Freyja,
with the bridal veil,
the two of us are going to
the home of the ettins."

Reið varð þá Freyja ok fnasaði, allr ása salr undir bifðisk, stökk þat it mikla men Brísinga:
"Mik veiztu verða vergjarnasta, ef ek ek með þér í Jötunheima."

Freyja was furious and froze, the whole hall of spirits shook, the shining necklace of fire fell down.

"Anxious to be married, they will call me, if I go with you to the home of the ettins."

14.
Senn váru æsir
allir á þingi
ok ásynjur
allar á máli,
ok um þat réðu
ríkir tívar
hvé þeir Hlórriða
hamar of sætti.

14.

All the (male and female) spirits, gathered at the court/Thing, everyone was there, and the powerful/rich gods they discussed, how they should Hlórriða's hammer find.

15.
Pá kvað þat Heimdallr,
hvítastr ása,
vissi hann vel fram
sem vanir aðrir:
"Bindum vér Þór þá
brúðar líni,
hafi hann it mikla
men Brísinga.

Heimdallr ("World Tree") then said, the whitest of spirits,
- he could see far and wide like the other gods:
"Put the bridal veil on Þórr, let him carry the shining necklace of fire."

16.
Látum und hánum
hrynja lukla
ok kvenváðir
um kné falla,
en á brjósti
breiða steina
ok hagliga
um höfuð typpum."

"Put on him
the key ring,
and women's clothing
to his knees,
put rocks
around his chest
and bind his hair
beautifully on his head."

17.
Pá kvað þat Þór,
þrúðugr áss:
"Mik munu æsir
argan kalla,
ef ek bindask læt
brúðar líni!"

17.
Then Þórr said,
powerful spirit:
"The spirits will
call me a woman

if I put on the bridal veil!"

18.

Þá kvað þat Loki

Laufeyjar sonr:

"Þogi þú Þórr

"Þegi þú, Þórr, þeira orða.

Þegar munu jötnar Ásgarð búa,

nema þú þinn hamar

þér of heimtir."

18.

Then said Loki, son of foliage:
"Be silent, Þórr, say no such thing; soon the ettins come, to the homes in the yard of spirits, if you don't get your rock/hammer."

19.

Bundu þeir Þór þá brúðar líni ok inu mikla meni Brísinga, létu und hánum hrynja lukla ok kvenváðir um kné falla, en á brjósti breiða steina, ok hagliga um höfuð typpðu. They put the bridal veil on Pórr and the shining necklace of fire, they gave him the key ring, and put on him women's clothing to his knees, they put rocks on his chest, and tied his hair beautifully on his head."

20.
Þá kvað Loki
Laufeyjar sonr:
"Mun ek ok með þér
ambótt vera,
vit skulum aka tvær
í Jötunheima."

Then said Loki,
son of foliage;
"Me as a maid servant,
you will bring,
the two of us as women
will go to the home of the ettins."

21.
Senn váru hafrar
heim of reknir,
skyndir at sköklum,
skyldu vel renna;
björg brotnuðu,
brann jörð loga,
ók Óðins sonr
í Jötunheima.

Quickly the two
goats were brought home,
attached to the poles,
eager to run;
mountains broke,
the Earth burnt,
and Óðinn's son
to the home of the ettins.

22.

Pá kvað þat Þrymr, þursa dróttinn: "Standið upp, jötnar, ok stráið bekki, nú færa mér Freyju at kván Njarðar dóttur ór Nóatúnum.

22.

Then said Þrymr,
the king of noise:
"Stand up, ettins,
put straw on the benches,
they are now taking to me
Freyja as wife,
daughter of Njörðr
from the court of ships.

23.

Ganga hér at garði gullhyrnðar kýr, öxn alsvartir jötni at gamni; fjölð á ek meiðma, fjölð á ek menja, einnar mér Freyju ávant þykkir."

Walking here in the yard
cows with golden horns,
pitch black oxen,
ettins against turf-huts;
I have much gold,
I have much treasure,
I now only
want Freyja."

24.

Var þar at kveldi of komit snemma ok fyr jötna öl fram borit; einn át oxa, átta laxa, krásir allar, þær er konur skyldu, drakk Sifjar verr sáld þrjú mjaðar. 24.

They in the evening came early and for ettins, ale was brought forth; all by himself he (Þórr) ate one ox, and eight salmons, and all the good food intended for the women, Sif's husband (Þórr) drank three kegs of mead.

25.

Pá kvat þat Þrymr, þursa dróttinn: "Hvar sáttu brúðir bíta hvassara? Sák-a ek brúðir bíta breiðara, né inn meira mjöð mey of drekka."

Then said Prymr
the king of noise:
"Where did you see bride
bite over more?
Never did I see
bride bite wider
or more mead
any maiden drink."

26.

Sat in alsnotra ambótt fyrir, er orð of fann við jötuns máli: "Át vætr Freyja átta nóttum, svá var hon óðfús í Jötunheima." 26.

The cunning maiden servant sat beside him and found words, to answer the ettin's speech: "Freyja didn't eat for eight nights, that is how much she longed for the home of the ettins."

27.

Laut und línu,
lysti at kyssa,
en hann útan stökk
endlangan sal:
"Hví eru öndótt
augu Freyju?
Þykki mér ór augum
eldr of brenna."

He lifted the veil,
wanted a kiss,
but he fell back
to the other side of the hall:
"Why are Freyja's eyes
so sharp?
It looks as if they are on fire."

28.
Sat in alsnotra
ambótt fyrir,
er orð of fann
við jötuns máli:
"Svaf vætr Freyja
átta nóttum,
svá var hon óðfús
í Jötunheima."

The cunning maiden servant sat beside him and found words, to answer the ettin's speech: "Freyja didn't sleep for eight nights, that is how much she longed for the home of the ettins."

Inn kom in arma
jötna systir,
hin er brúðféar
biðja þorði:
"Láttu þér af höndum
hringa rauða,
ef þú öðlask vill
ástir mínar,
ástir mínar,
alla hylli.

Inn came the old
ettin's sister,
she dared ask for
a bridal present.
"Give me from your hands
red rings,
if you want
love from me,
love from me
and all my hails."

30.

Þá kvað þat Þrymr,
þursa dróttinn:

"Berið inn hamar
brúði at vígja,
lekkið Mjöllni
í meyjar kné,
vígið okkr saman
Várar hendi."

Then said Prymr,
the king of noise,
"Bring forth the hammer,
to consecrate the bride,
place Mjöllnir (The Crusher)
on the maiden's knee,

with the hands of solemn promises."

Hló Hlórriða
hugr í brjósti,
er harðhugaðr
hamar of þekkði;
Prym drap hann fyrstan,
þursa dróttin,
ok ætt jötuns
alla lamði.

and marry us,

Laughing in his head,
Hlórriða,
when the tough
felt the hammer in his hand.
He killed Þrymr first,
the king of noise,
and the kin of ettins.

32.

Drap hann ina öldnu jötna systur, hin er brúðféar of beðit hafði; hon skell of hlaut fyr skillinga, en högg hamars fyr hringa fjölð. Svá kom Óðins sonr endr at hamri. 32.
He killed the old
ettin's sister,
who had asked him
for a bridal present.
A slap she got
instead of piles of coins,
and a hammer-strike
instead of wonderful rings.
Thus Óðinn's son
came back to his rock/hammer.

The Interpretation of Þrymskviða

Now that you have seen the shadows dancing on the wall, we will help you turn around and see what is behind.

Pórr's hammer is *his heart*. So when you read that he falls asleep and that while he sleeps someone stole his hammer, he is in fact dead. When he is dead, his heart is lost, and he is cut in two, in a way, a part dwells in his future mother and a part dwells in his future father. Like Persephone.

To return to life, he needs Loki. Loki is what would now be called *hormones*, especially *adrenaline*. He needs Loki to get out of the father, so to speak. But above all, as Loki explains to him, he absolutely needs Freyja, it is only through her that he can find his hammer. Of course, because Freyja is *the egg*.

He needs Freyja through Loki. It is Loki who takes him to Freyja. In other words: the hormones take him to the egg. Or rather to the fact that he realizes that he needs Freyja to live again.

Concerning the giants: it is not that they are very big, it is that you are in a phase of your life where you are very small.

The Jotunheimen giants are ice giants. Ice is the image of something that holds hard in solid form, and then flows. They are rather disgusting. The giants represent what we are calling in our modern words the endometrium, the carpet of blood in the womb, so to speak, which is in solid form until menstruations, where it flows, carrying away and cleaning everything in its path.

This endometrium wants above all to have an egg, otherwise it dies. The king of the Jotuns wants to have Freyja.

Loki, the hormones, flies towards this king, in the womb therefore, to ask him to return the hammer. It is true, it was he who stole it, and it is he alone who is able to restore it, since the hammer is life, the heart. But he simply tells the truth when he explains to Loki that he only can return it if he gets Freyja and marries her (if he attaches to her, in other words). Of course, what he doesn't say or doesn't know, is that he needs a *fertilized egg*, so Þórr disguised as Freyja, the picture is perfect. Þórr in the dress of Freyja. The spermatozoa in the egg.

This will also destroy the king, because the endometrium is made to be eaten by the egg or the embryo, and disappear.

Note that the endometrium knew that Loki was coming, he wanted him to come, because only he can bring Freyja. Loki, a hormone from the ovary here (progesterone: this is why it borrowed the Freyja bird shape after ovulation on the fourteenth day and the pituitary luteinizing hormone on the thirteenth day) comes to check if the endometrium is ready to receive the egg, and comes to ensure that it will remain in good condition.

Loki will look for Freyja. Before reaching the uterus seven days later, the egg is fertilized, as it is in our modern observations (it is fertilized in the fallopian tube).

It is Loki, the progesterone, which makes the uterus able to receive Freyja, and not to destroy the ice giants, because this hormone inhibits the movements of the uterus and allows the endometrium to continue to grow.

It is Freyja who makes the wedding outfit of Pórr. She wraps him and gives him her necklace, the future *umbilical cord*. When Pórr arrives at King Prymr's home with the progesterone hormone Loki, the king believes he is Freyja. Logic, otherwise he would reject him because the body of the mother, unless it is tricked, should reject any foreign body. In the imaginary, this is why fertilization is done "in secret" in the fallopian tubes. The embryo begins to destroy and "eat" the endometrium by creating enzymes through the future placenta as soon as it arrives on the seventh day (he has no placenta before the seventh day). It is completely installed on the tenth day.

So you understand why Prymr invites Pórr-Freyja to eat and why he eats eagerly. You understand why Loki, progesterone and human gonadotropic chorionic hormone or pregnancy hormone (then made by the embryo) attempts to calm Prymr by tricking him.

King Prymr gives to Pórr the hammer (life, heart) as soon as he became attached to him. Once he has the hammer, Pórr the embryo destroys the giants, and by their destruction and by fire, he melts them and gets blood from them, and comes out from the womb.

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PAGANISM EXPLAINED



PART II: LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD & JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

VARG VIKERNES & MARIE CACHET

Paganism Explained

Part II: Little Red Riding Hood & Jack and the Beanstalk By Varg Vikernes & Marie Cachet



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Initial Notes

This is part II in our Paganism Explained series. See Part I for an introduction to this series. This time we take a look at a few of our European Fairy Tales. Yes, these are but a few examples: There will be more of them, as well as more myths, explained in future parts of our Paganism Explained series.

Varg Vikernes
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Little Red Riding Hood

Version collected in Touraine in France by M. Légot (*Revue de l'Avranchin*, 1885):

Once there was a young girl in the countryside who heard that her grandmother was sick; she set out the next day to visit her; but when she was far away, at a crossroads, she did not know which way to take.

There she met a very ugly man, leading a sow, and to whom she asked her way, telling her that she was going to see visit her sick grandmother.

You have to go to the left, he says, it's the best and the shortest way, and you'll soon arrive. The girl went there; but the road was the longest and the worst; she took a long time to reach her grandmother's house, and it was with great difficulty that she arrived there very late.

While the little Jeannette was engaged in the chaos of the wrong road, the ugly man, who

had just informed her badly, went to the right by the right and short way, then he arrived at the grandmother's house long before her.

He killed the poor woman and put her blood in a bottle ("huche" in french) and went to bed.

When the little girl arrived at her grandmother's house, she knocked at the door, opened it, entered, and said: "How are you doing, grandma?"

"Not well, my daughter," responded the goodfor-nothing who gave the impression that he was suffering and disguised his voice. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, grandma. What's there to eat?"

"There's some blood in the cupboard. Take the pan and fry it. Then eat it up."

The little girl obeyed.

While she was frying the blood, she heard some voices that sounded like those of angels from the top of the chimney, and they said: "Ah! Cursed be the little girl who's frying the blood of her grandmother!"

"What are those voices saying, grandmother, those voices that are singing from the chimney?"

"Don't listen to them, my daughter, those are just little birds singing in their own language."

And the little girl continued to fry the blood of her grandmother, But the voices began again to sing: "Ah! the naughty little naughty who fries the blood of her grandmother!" Jeannette said then: "I'm not hungry, my grandmother, I do not want to eat that blood." "Well! Come to bed, my daughter, come to bed." Jeannette went to bed next to him.

When she was there, she exclaimed:

"Ah! my grandmother, why have you so big arms?"

- "It's better embrace you, my daughter, it's better to embrace you."
- "Ah! my grandmother, why have you so big legs?" "Ah! my grandmother, why have you so big
- "It is to walk better, my daughter, it is to walk better."
- "Ah! my grandmother, why have you so big eyes?"

- "It is to better see you, my daughter, it is to better see you."
- "Ah! my grandmother, why do you have such big teeth?"
- "It's better for eating my daughter, it's better for eating."

Jeannette became scared and said: "Ah! Grandmother, I've got the urge to go (i. e. "take a leak").

"Do it in bed, my daughter. Do it in bed."

"It would be too dirty, grandma! If you're afraid that I might run off, tie a rope around my leg. If you're bothered that I'm outside too long, just pull on the rope, and you can assure yourself that I'm still here."

"You're right my daughter. You're right."

- And the monster attaches a rope of wool to Jeannette's leg, then he kept the end in his hand. When the girl was outside, she cut the rope of wool and went away. A moment after the fake grandmother said: "Did you pee, Jeannette, did you pee?" And the same voices of the little angels answered again from the top of the chimney: "Not yet, my grandmother, not yet!" But when she had been there for a long time they said: "it's over".

The monster pulled the rope, but there was no one at the other end.

This evil man got up angrily and went up on his big sow he had put on the roof and ran after the girl to catch her; he arrived at a river where washers were washing. He tells them: "Have you seen that Tomboy girl/that boy-girl with a dog wagging its tail tagging along on this trail?"

in French:

Avez-vous vu passer fillon fillette,
Avec un chien barbette (barbet)
Qui la suivette (suivait)

The Girl and the Wolf (1874)

A Variant of the tale of the Little Red Riding Hood, told in July 1874 by Nanette Lévesque.

A little girl was at work in a house to keep two cows. When she had finished her job, she went away. Her master gave her a little cheese and a small loaf of bread.

"Here, my dear, bring it to your mother. This cheese and that loaf will be for your supper when you arrive at home."

The girl takes the cheese and the loaf. She went into the woods and met the wolf, who said to her, "Where are you going, my dear?

- "I'm going to my mother. I finished my job."
- "Did they pay you?"
- "Yes, they paid me, gave me a little loaf, gave me a cheese."
- "Which side do you go to?"
- "I pass the side of the pins, and you, which side do you go?"
- "I pass on the side of the needles."

The wolf started to run, and went to kill the mother and ate her, he ate half, he set the fire on, cooked the other half and closed the door. He went to sleep in the mother's bed.

The girl arrived. She knocked on the door: "Ah! my mother, open to me."

- "I'm sick my little one. I went to bed. I can not get up and open. Turn the handle." When the little girl turned the handle, opened the door entered the house, the wolf was in his mother's bed.
- "Are you sick, mother?"
- "Yes, I am very sick. And you came from Nostera."
- "Yes, I came. They gave me a loaf and a piece of cheese."
- "It's fine my little, give me a little piece." The wolf took the piece and ate it, and said to the girl, "there is meat on the fire and wine on the table, when you have eaten and had a drink, you will come to bed."

The wolf had put the blood of her mother in a bottle, and he had put a glass next to it, half full of blood. He said to her: "Eat meat, there is some in the pot; there is wine on the table, you will drink it."

There was a little bird on the window when the little girl ate her mother who said:

- "R tin tin tin. You eat your mother's meat and you drink her blood." And the little girl says:
- "What does he say mum, this bird?"
- "He says nothing, keeps eating, he has plenty of time to sing."

And when she had eaten and drunk the wolf said to the little girl: "Come to bed, little one. Come to bed. You have eaten enough my baby, now and come and lie down with me. I have cold feet you'll warm me."

- "I'm going to bed mom."

She undresses and goes to bed with her mother, saying:

- "Ah! Mom, you're gruff!"

 "It's old age, my child, it's old age."

 The little girl touches her legs: "Ah! Mom your nails have become long!"

 "It's old age, it's old age."
- "Ah! Mom, your teeth have become long too!"
 "It's old age, it's old age. My teeth are to eat
 you, and he ate her."

Charles Perrault, "Little Red Riding Hood" (1697) Translation by Andrew Lang (1889)

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature who was ever seen. Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grandmother doted on her still more. This good woman had a little red riding hood made for her. It suited the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood. One day her mother, having made some cakes, said to her, "Go, my dear, and see how your grandmother is doing, for I hear she has been very ill. Take her a cake, and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village. As she was going through the wood, she met with a wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he dared not, because of some woodcutters working nearby in the forest. He asked her where she was going.

The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and talk to a wolf, said to him, "I am going to see my grandmother and bring her a cake and a little pot of butter from

my mother." "Does she live far off?" said the wolf "Oh I say," answered Little Red Riding Hood; "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village." "Well," said the wolf, "and I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and go you that, and we shall see who will be there first."

The wolf ran as fast as he could, taking the shortest path, and the little girl took a roundabout way, entertaining herself by gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and gathering bouquets of little flowers.

It was not long before the wolf arrived at the old woman's house. He knocked at the door: tap, tap. "Who's there?" "Your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf, counterfeiting her voice; "who has brought you a cake and a little pot of butter sent you by mother." The good grandmother, who was in bed, because she was somewhat ill, cried out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, and then he immediately fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, for it been more than three days since he had eaten.

He then shut the door and got into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door: tap, tap. "Who's there?" Little Red Riding Hood, hearing the big voice of the wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grandmother had a cold and was hoarse, answered, "It is your grandchild Little Red Riding Hood, who has brought you a cake and a little pot of butter mother sends you." The wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes, "Put the cake and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come get into bed with me." Little Red Riding Hood took off her clothes and got into bed.

She was greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her nightclothes, and said to her, "Grandmother, what big arms you have!" "All the better to hug you with, my dear." "Grandmother, what big legs you have!"

"All the better to run with, my child." Grandmother, what big ears you have!" "All the better to hear with, my child." "Grandmother, what big eyes you have!" "All the better to see with, my child." "Grandmother, what big teeth you have got!" "All the better to eat you up with."

And, saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding Hood, and ate her all up.

Moral: Children, especially attractive, well bred young ladies, should never talk to strangers, for if they should do so, they may well provide dinner for a wolf. I say "wolf," but there are various kinds of wolves. There are also those who are charming, quiet, polite, unassuming, complacent, and sweet, who pursue young women at home and in the streets. And unfortunately, it is these gentle wolves who are the most dangerous ones of all.

Grimm Brothers, "Little Red Cap" from Children's and Household Tales (1812 - 1814), translation by Margaret Hunt (1884).

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by every one who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother, and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else; so she was always called "Little Red-Cap." One day her mother said to her, "Come, Little Red-Cap, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; take them to your grandmother, she is ill and weak, and they will do her good. Set out before it gets hot, and when you are going, walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing; and when you go into her room, don't forget to say, 'Goodmorning,' and don't peep into every corner before you do it." "I will take great care," said Little Red-Cap to her mother, and gave her hand on it.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red-Cap entered the wood, a wolf met her. Red-Cap did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him. "Goodday, Little Red-Cap," said he. "Thank you kindly, wolf." "Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?" "To my grandmother's." "What have you got in your apron?" "Cake and wine; yesterday was baking-day, so poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger." "Where does your grandmother live, Little Red-Cap?" "A good quarter of a league farther on in the wood; her house stands under the three large oak-trees, the nut-trees are just below; you surely must know it," replied Little Red-Cap. The wolf thought to himself, "What a tender young creature! what a nice plump mouthful -- she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to catch both."

So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red-Cap, and then he said, "See Little Red-Cap, how pretty the flowers are about here -- why do you not look round? I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little

birds are singing; you walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry." Little Red-Cap raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought, "Suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay; that would please her too. It is so early in the day that I shall still get there in good time;" and so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" "Little Red-Cap," replied the wolf. "She is bringing cake and wine; open the door." "Lift the latch," called out the grandmother, "I am too weak, and cannot get up." The wolf lifted the latch, the door flew open, and without saying a word he went straight to the grandmother's bed, and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed himself in her cap, laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

Little Red-Cap, however, had been running about picking flowers, and when she had gathered so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set out on the way to her. She was surprised to find the cottage-door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself, "Oh dear! how uneasy I feel to-day, and at other times I like being with grandmother so much." She called out, "Good morning," but received no answer; so she went to the bed and drew back the curtains.

There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face, and looking very strange. "Oh! grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have!" "The better to hear you with, my child," was the reply. "But, grandmother, what big eyes you have!" she said. "The better to see you with, my dear." "But, grandmother, what large hands you have!" "The better to hug you with." "Oh! but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have!" "The better to eat you with!" And scarcely had the wolf said this, than with one bound he was out of bed and swallowed up Red-Cap.

When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep and began to snore very loud.

The huntsman was just passing the house, and thought to himself, "How the old woman is snoring! I must just see if she wants anything." So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it. "Do I find thee here, thou old sinner!" said he. "I have long sought thee!" Then just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have devoured the grandmother, and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire, but took a pair of scissors, and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf.

When he had made two snips, he saw the little Red-Cap shining, and then he made two snips more, and the little girl sprang out, crying, "Ah, how frightened I have been! How dark it was inside the wolf;" and after that the aged grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe.

Red-Cap, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's body, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he fell down at once, and fell dead. Then all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it; the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Red-Cap had brought, and revived, but Red-Cap thought to herself, "As long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so."

The Maïeutics for Little Red Riding Hood

In the tale of Little Red Riding Hood, the focus is not on biological fertilization, even if there is once again a single individual cut in two halves, as in Prymskviða (see: *Paganism explained Part I*), but on the reincarnation of the ancestor in the weaned child (the seven years old child).

There are several versions of the tale. It should be noted that in the Chinese version, it is the grandmother who will visit her three girls. But here again, it does not change the meaning.

Little Red Riding Hood, in some versions, comes from her mother's house, and in others she has just finished working on a farm with cows. This detail is reminiscent of the tale of Jack and the beanstalk and indicates that the child we are talking about is just weaned.

The child brings to her grandmother a gift that her mother gave her, or that she got as paiment for looking after the cows. It is in principle the same, in both cases we have the image of the mother (the cow is the avatar of the mother). This gift changes depending on the versions, but it is usually a milky or red drink, like wine, and a round cake or bread. Here we have a clear symbol of the placenta.

Little Red Riding Hood is the fetus, or the future fetus. That's why she is red, and she wears a hat, even if some versions don't retain this detail, the fact that it was kept in the artistic representations and to designate the tale signals that it is relatively important. The hat is always the amniotic bag, the headdress of the fetus. In some versions, the Red Riding Hood has no gender, we don't know if it's a girl or a boy. In French, she is called "fillon-fillette" ("boy-girl").

This is due to the fact that we don't know the gender of the fetus, but also to the symbol of the seven-year-old child, who is not yet clearly of either gender, is by default often female. The fetus and the seven-year-old are equivalent symbols.

She meets the wolf, that is to say the female genitals. The female genitals and the uterus. The female reproductive system, so to speak.

It is not always a wolf, in some French versions, it is a *bzou*, that means a werewolf (so clearly the grandmother voluntarily transformed into a wolf), or an ugly man (image of the dead ancestor), or an ogress, like in the Italian version: see *The false Grandmother* (*La finta nonna*) by Italo Calvino in Italian Folktales (1956). Because of copyrights, the Italian version could not be included in full in this book.

In the Italian version, the little girl does not meet this ogress before her arrival at the (fake) grandmother's home. Leaving her mother's house because his mother needs to borrow the sifter of the grandmother (the placenta, the mother needs a placenta to sift flour), she meets the River and asks it to let her pass. The river replies that for this it must give it her ringshaped cakes. The ring-shaped cake is the image of the cervix. As the coin given to Charon to pass the Styx, it is essential. The coin, more precisely represents the egg, which one must have to access the kingdom of the dead, and that we obtain symbolically in the ritual of reincarnation in exchange for the milk teeth. The egg, the coin, are therefore the adult

teeth, seeds growing in the child.

Some say that I pretend things that do not make sense, but you are wrong, I don't give any symbols without reason. The wolf or dog, in all European mythology, is the female reproductive system. This symbol, like all the other symbols that I explain, works in all cases, with all the myths, with all the tales, with all the traditions.

In the version "The girl and the wolf", Little Red Riding Hood can choose between the path of pins or the path of needles, in other words always something that stings, like the umbilical cord, of which one of the most avatars common is also the spear.

The wolf shows the way to the ancestor, you must remember that it is a reincarnation. Obviously, he takes the shortest path, because he already has the ancestor in him, he himself contains the ancestor. He rules in is own house. The image of someone eaten is the same as that of someone in the womb, remember it. The wolf eats as the uterus eats. The wolf makes the link between the ancestor and the child.

The moment of the opening of the house is often accompanied by a magic phrase or behavior, given by the ancestor or sometimes the mother (because there is a strong analogy between the right to enter the egg and the right to be accepted in this symbolic pregnancy.): "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." or "don't forget to say, 'Good-morning,' and don't peep into every corner before you do it.".

This is the password. The house is also an avatar of the uterus and the grave, as well as the bed, more precisely.

When the child arrives, the wolf grandmother offers him food. We must insist on that. It is the child who brings food (brings with him the placenta), but it is he who is fed by the wolf grandmother. It is the wolf that is hungry, and yet it feeds the child-fetus. The grandmotherwolf takes its classic role of placenta (the placenta and the ancestor are equivalent in most myths, it is the ancestor who transmits the knowledge to his new body). She gives the child blood and meat to eat. It is stated in most ancient versions that this blood and meat are those of the grandmother,

partially devoured by the wolf. Often, the child eats it, and then it is warned by birds (especially the hormones, Hermes with wingsfeet is the father of Pan, but also the placenta and its wings-amniotic bag itself, which is why birds are often in a tree: the placenta) that she is devouring her grandmother. In some versions, the girl sees the grandmother's teeth in the meat and blood, or in the pan, and this repels her (we will see in the analyzes of the following tales how the teeth are an important symbol).

There I must mention the Italian version:

"Grandmother, Mamma wants the sifter."

"It's late now. I'll give it to you tomorrow. Come to bed."

"Grandmother, I'm hungry, I want my supper first."

"Eat the beans boiling in the boiler."

In the pot were the teeth. The child stirred them around and said, "Grandmother, they're too hard."

Often the baby goes to bed with her sick (dead) grandmother, but she begins to doubt. These two symbols refer to the ready fetus who wants to go out. In a way, it becomes aware of itself and sees itself as a cannibal who eats the blood (or the milk) of his mother, here in the tale. That means it becomes an individual.

Often, she asks to pee. The wolf tells her to do in bed (as all fetuses do, since they pee in the amniotic bag), but she says it's dirty. In the local French version from Touraine presented before, as in the Italian, the wolf hooks her to a rope, to let her out to pee, while being able to recall her by pulling on the rope (of course the umbilical cord).

She leaves the house, and when the wolf is worried about not seeing her come back, it's too late, she doesn't come back (sometimes some hormone-birds tricks him, imitating the girl's voice), and this wolf-shaped grandmother (that means the ancestor in the womb: in the placental form) comes out afterwards. The umbilical cord was cut, she has been (re)born.

In the version from Touraine, it is not a wolf, but an old gentleman (the ancestor) with a sow (the sow is a slightly rarer avatar of the placenta and the amniotic bag: she searches and scratches the soil looking for food as the placenta scratches the womb in search of food, and she herself is food). He goes out after the little girl, and meets some washer women (the midwives). He asks them if they saw a "boygirl" with a dog that followed her. They say yes, they have spread white cloths over the water, and she passed over them. The gentleman also passes on these linens with his sow, and as he drowns (loses his breath) he tells his sow to lap, to lick in as much as she can, otherwise they will both drown. This is the image of the placenta that comes out after the fetus, with the cord beating like the heart. After the release of the placenta, the cord stops beating and thus the placenta and its cord literally lose their breath and die, drowning in the water of the amniotic bag and in their blood.

The Brothers Grimm version is interesting, of course, with regard to the symbols of birth, since the hunter opens the belly and brings out

the little girl, and then the grandmother who is barely breathing. She says she was very scared, which is one of the characteristics of the end of a childbirth, adrenaline being essential to the final push, as explained in details in *The Secret of the She-Bear*, reason why the god Pan / Loki / Faunus / Cernunnos (...) is so important, so scary, and especially so misunderstood...

The hunter symbol will be included in other books. Some authors say that the hunter was invented by the Grimm brothers, because it does not appear in any of the local versions known *today*. I don't think so, because it is actually present in several local versions in the form of one or several *woodcutters* that scare the wolf, and also in the form of washers (midwives). The hunter and the woodcutter are equivalent symbols: in both cases they are the ones who give birth and deliver (cut) from the placenta-tree. They are the priest, the druid, the sorcerer, the midwife, and the ancestor and placenta itself.

The stones in the Grimm versions are the blood, the blood clots, like the ice or stone ettins in Prymskviða.

Let's go back to the symbol of the female genitals. We will talk about Cerberus or Garm (the one who is stained, stained with blood), Geri and Freki the wolves of Óðinn, Fenrir, and quickly Anubis, but there are others, like the mother mother of Romulus and Remus and Culann's dog.

Well, already, how not to connect vulva and wulf (ulv in Norwegian)? But that's not all. If we see at etymology, the name *varg* (wolf), comes from *virgo*, *virges*, the same word as *virgin*, which does not mean what one believes, but "who swells", this root gave the word *vigueur* (force) in French. But what is swelling, if not the female reproductive system, the uterus (and the fetus and egg, or the amniotic bag, which is, in fact, *Freyja*, *Aphrodite*, the true "virgin").

Even today, if you look for a bit, you can find that we use the same words.

Often, this dog has three heads, or two and sometimes only one. It can similarly be two or three dogs. These are *labia majora*, *labia minora* and *the cervix*, or *the vulva* and *cervix*. Geri and

Freki mean respectively "hungry" and "hard", hungry like a pregnant's belly, and hard as a pregnant's belly. They eat Óðinn's food while he receives only wine (the mother eats the food and the fetus receives her blood. The wine is always the avatar of blood). Cerberus must be hidden (like the female genitals), and he is put to sleep several times with a poisoned cake, or sometimes a cake dipped in poisoned wine. Of course it is the placenta, which puts the mother to sleep and tricks her thanks to the hormones, so that she agrees to keep a being originally partly foreign to her body. It should be noted that the mother's immune system is considerably lowered during pregnancy by placental hormones, so that the body does not reject the fetus.

Fenrir (wet and closed place) is attached by the link Gleipnir. He is also tricked to be tied up. I'm sure you're wondering what it is, this famous link.

It is the linea nigra:

The *linea nigra* appears in 75% of pregnancies, it is produced by a hormone secreted by the placenta. It literally *attaches* the female genitals, ranging from pubis to navel, turning around the navel, to sometimes continue further.

And, of course, there is also Anubis, the god who chooses, who enters the realm of the dead, and the one who embalms and packs the dead...

The fact that a moral has been added to tales, especially in the 17th century, is unfortunately a sign that the tale, already at that time, had lost its meaning, at least for those who transcribed it. This desire to explain the tale in this way is probably related to wanting to explain the terrible symbols of cannibalism, murder, etc. In old and original versions of the classic tales (which have gradually been softened), these symbols are indeed shocking and incomprehensible if one does not grasp the quintessence of the tale. In my opinion, their shocking aspect is quite voluntary, aiming precisely at pushing the one who hears the tale to understand the real meaning of the tale (see the Socrates maieutic technique, explained in *The Secret of the She-Bear*).

Jack and the Beanstalk

As recorded by Joseph Jacobs, English Fairy Tales (1890)

There was once upon a time a poor widow who had an only son named Jack, and a cow named Milky-White. And all they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every morning, which they carried to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-White gave no milk, and they didn't know what to do.

"What shall we do, what shall we do?" said the widow, wringing her hands.

"Cheer up, mother, I'll go and get work somewhere," said Jack.

"We've tried that before, and nobody would take you," said his mother. "We must sell Milky-White and with the money start a shop, or something."

"All right, mother," says Jack. "It's market day today, and I'll soon sell Milky-White, and then we'll see what we can do."

So he took the cow's halter in his hand, and off he started. He hadn't gone far when he met a funny-looking old man, who said to him, "Good morning, Jack."

"Good morning to you," said Jack, and wondered how he knew his name.

"Well, Jack, and where are you off to?" said the man.

"I'm going to market to sell our cow there."

"Oh, you look the proper sort of chap to sell cows," said the man. "I wonder if you know how many beans make five."

"Two in each hand and one in your mouth," says Jack, as sharp as a needle.

"Right you are," says the man, "and here they are, the very beans themselves," he went on, pulling out of his pocket a number of strange-looking beans. "As you are so sharp," says he, "I don't mind doing a swap with you -- your cow for these beans."

"Go along," says Jack. "Wouldn't you like it?"

"Ah! You don't know what these beans are," said the man. "If you plant them overnight, by morning they grow right up to the sky."

"Really?" said Jack. "You don't say so."

"Yes, that is so. And if it doesn't turn out to be true you can have your cow back."

"Right," says Jack, and hands him over Milky-White's halter and pockets the beans.

Back goes Jack home, and as he hadn't gone very far it wasn't dusk by the time he got to his door.

"Back already, Jack?" said his mother. "I see you haven't got Milky-White, so you've sold her. How much did you get for her?"

"You'll never guess, mother," says Jack.

"No, you don't say so. Good boy! Five pounds? Ten? Fifteen? No, it can't be twenty."

"I told you you couldn't guess. What do you say to these beans? They're magical. Plant them overnight and -- "

"What!" says Jack's mother. "Have you been such a fool, such a dolt, such an idiot, as to give away my Milky-White, the best milker in the parish, and prime beef to boot, for a set of paltry beans? Take that! Take that! Take that! And as for your precious beans here they go out of the window. And now off with you to bed. Not a sup shall you drink, and not a bit shall you swallow this very night."

So Jack went upstairs to his little room in the attic, and sad and sorry he was, to be sure, as much for his mother's sake as for the loss of his supper.

At last he dropped off to sleep.

When he woke up, the room looked so funny. The sun was shining into part of it, and yet all the rest was quite dark and shady. So Jack jumped up and dressed himself and went to the window. And what do you think he saw? Why, the beans his mother had thrown out of

the window into the garden had sprung up into a big beanstalk which went up and up and up till it reached the sky. So the man spoke truth after all.

The beanstalk grew up quite close past Jack's window, so all he had to do was to open it and give a jump onto the beanstalk which ran up just like a big ladder. So Jack climbed, and he climbed till at last he reached the sky. And when he got there he found a long broad road going as straight as a dart. So he walked along, and he walked along, and he walked along, and he walked along till he came to a great big tall house, and on the doorstep there was a great big tall woman.

"Good morning, mum," says Jack, quite politelike. "Could you be so kind as to give me some breakfast?" For he hadn't had anything to eat, you know, the night before, and was as hungry as a hunter.

"It's breakfast you want, is it?" says the great big tall woman. "It's breakfast you'll be if you don't move off from here. My man is an ogre and there's nothing he likes better than boys broiled on toast. You'd better be moving on or he'll be coming."

"Oh! please, mum, do give me something to eat, mum. I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, really and truly, mum," says Jack. "I may as well be broiled as die of hunger."

Well, the ogre's wife was not half so bad after all. So she took Jack into the kitchen, and gave him a hunk of bread and cheese and a jug of milk. But Jack hadn't half finished these when thump! thump! thump! the whole house began to tremble with the noise of someone coming.

"Goodness gracious me! It's my old man," said the ogre's wife. "What on earth shall I do? Come along quick and jump in here." And she bundled Jack into the oven just as the ogre came in.

He was a big one, to be sure. At his belt he had three calves strung up by the heels, and he unhooked them and threw them down on the table and said, "Here, wife, broil me a couple of these for breakfast. Ah! what's this I smell?

Fee-fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an
Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll have his bones to grind
my bread."

"Nonsense, dear," said his wife. "You're dreaming. Or perhaps you smell the scraps of that little boy you liked so much for yesterday's dinner. Here, you go and have a wash and tidy up, and by the time you come back your breakfast'll be ready for you."

So off the ogre went, and Jack was just going to jump out of the oven and run away when the woman told him not. "Wait till he's asleep," says she; "he always has a doze after breakfast."

Well, the ogre had his breakfast, and after that he goes to a big chest and takes out a couple of bags of gold, and down he sits and counts till at last his head began to nod and he began to snore till the whole house shook again. Then Jack crept out on tiptoe from his oven, and as he was passing the ogre, he took one of the bags of gold under his arm, and off he pelters till he came to the beanstalk, and then he threw down the bag of gold, which, of course, fell into his mother's garden, and then he climbed down and climbed down till at last he got home and told his mother and showed her the gold and said, "Well, mother, wasn't I right about the beans? They are really magical, you see."

So they lived on the bag of gold for some time, but at last they came to the end of it, and Jack made up his mind to try his luck once more at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning he rose up early, and got onto the beanstalk, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed till at last he came out onto the road again and up to the great tall house he had been to before. There, sure enough, was the great tall woman a-standing on the doorstep.

"Good morning, mum," says Jack, as bold as brass, "could you be so good as to give me something to eat?"

"Go away, my boy," said the big tall woman, "or else my man will eat you up for breakfast. But aren't you the youngster who came here once before? Do you know, that very day my man missed one of his bags of gold."

"That's strange, mum," said Jack, "I dare say I could tell you something about that, but I'm so hungry I can't speak till I've had something to eat."

Well, the big tall woman was so curious that she took him in and gave him something to eat. But he had scarcely begun munching it as slowly as he could when thump! thump! they heard the giant's footstep, and his wife hid Jack away in the oven.

All happened as it did before. In came the ogre as he did before, said, "Fee-fi-fo-fum," and had his breakfast off three broiled oxen.

Then he said, "Wife, bring me the hen that lays the golden eggs." So she brought it, and the ogre said, "Lay," and it laid an egg all of gold. And then the ogre began to nod his head, and to snore till the house shook. Then Jack crept out of the oven on tiptoe and caught hold of the golden hen, and was off before you could say "Jack Robinson." But this time the hen gave a cackle which woke the ogre, and just as Jack got out of the house he heard him calling, "Wife, wife, what have you done with my golden hen?"

And the wife said, "Why, my dear?"

But that was all Jack heard, for he rushed off to the beanstalk and climbed down like a house on fire. And when he got home he showed his mother the wonderful hen, and said "Lay" to it; and it laid a golden egg every time he said "Lay."

Well, Jack was not content, and it wasn't long before he determined to have another try at his luck up there at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning he rose up early and got to the beanstalk, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed till he got to the top.

But this time he knew better than to go straight to the ogre's house. And when he got near it, he waited behind a bush till he saw the ogre's wife come out with a pail to get some water, and then he crept into the house and got into the copper. He hadn't been there long when he heard thump! thump! as before, and in came the ogre and his wife.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," cried out the ogre. "I smell him, wife, I smell him."

"Do you, my dearie?" says the ogre's wife. "Then, if it's that little rogue that stole your gold and the hen that laid the golden eggs he's sure to have got into the oven." And they both rushed to the oven.

But Jack wasn't there, luckily, and the ogre's wife said, "There you are again with your fee-fi-fo-fum. Why, of course, it's the boy you caught last night that I've just broiled for your breakfast. How forgetful I am, and how careless you are not to know the difference between live and dead after all these years."

So the ogre sat down to the breakfast and ate it, but every now and then he would mutter, "Well, I could have sworn --" and he'd get up

and search the larder and the cupboards and everything, only, luckily, he didn't think of the copper.

After breakfast was over, the ogre called out, "Wife, wife, bring me my golden harp."

So she brought it and put it on the table before him. Then he said, "Sing!" and the golden harp sang most beautifully. And it went on singing till the ogre fell asleep, and commenced to snore like thunder.

Then Jack lifted up the copper lid very quietly and got down like a mouse and crept on hands and knees till he came to the table, when up he crawled, caught hold of the golden harp and dashed with it towards the door.

But the harp called out quite loud, "Master! Master!" and the ogre woke up just in time to see Jack running off with his harp.

Jack ran as fast as he could, and the ogre came rushing after, and would soon have caught him, only Jack had a start and dodged him a bit and knew where he was going.

When he got to the beanstalk the ogre was not more than twenty yards away when suddenly he saw Jack disappear like, and when he came to the end of the road he saw Jack underneath climbing down for dear life. Well, the ogre didn't like trusting himself to such a ladder, and he stood and waited, so Jack got another start.

But just then the harp cried out, "Master! Master!" and the ogre swung himself down onto the beanstalk, which shook with his weight. Down climbs Jack, and after him climbed the ogre.

By this time Jack had climbed down and climbed down and climbed down till he was very nearly home. So he called out, "Mother! Mother! bring me an axe, bring me an axe." And his mother came rushing out with the axe in her hand, but when she came to the beanstalk she stood stock still with fright, for there she saw the ogre with his legs just through the clouds.

But Jack jumped down and got hold of the axe and gave a chop at the beanstalk which cut it half in two. The ogre felt the beanstalk shake and quiver, so he stopped to see what was the matter. Then Jack gave another chop with the axe, and the beanstalk was cut in two and began to topple over. Then the ogre fell down and broke his crown, and the beanstalk came toppling after.

Then Jack showed his mother his golden harp, and what with showing that and selling the golden eggs, Jack and his mother became very rich, and he married a great princess, and they lived happy ever after.

As recorded by Andrew Lang, The Red Fairy Book (1890)

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son Jack. Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but very kind hearted and affectionate. There had been a hard winter, and after it the poor woman had suffered from fever and ague. Jack did no work as yet, and by degrees they grew dreadfully poor.

The widow saw that there was no means of keeping Jack and herself from starvation but by selling her cow; so one morning she said to her son, "I am too weak to go myself, Jack, so you must take the cow to market for me, and sell her."

Jack liked going to the market to sell the cow very much; but as he was on the way, he met a butcher who had some beautiful beans in his hand. Jack stopped to look at them, and the butcher told the boy that they were of great value and persuaded the silly lad to sell the cow for these beans. When he brought them home to his mother instead of the money she expected for her nice cow, she was very vexed and shed many tears, scolding Jack for his folly. He was very sorry, and mother and son went to bed very sadly that night; their last hope seemed gone.

At daybreak Jack rose and went out into the garden. "At least," he thought, "I will sow the wonderful beans. Mother says that they are just common scarlet runners, and nothing else; but I may as well sow them." So he took a piece of stick, and made some holes in the ground, and put in the beans.

That day they had very little dinner, and went sadly to bed, knowing that for the next day there would be none, and Jack, unable to sleep from grief and vexation, got up at day-dawn and went out into the garden.

What was his amazement to find that the beans had grown up in the night, and climbed up and up until they covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage and disappeared above it! The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together until they formed quite a ladder.

"It would be easy to climb it," thought Jack. And, having thought of the experiment, he at once resolved to carry it out, for Jack was a good climber. However, after his late mistake about the cow, he thought he had better consult his mother first.

Wonderful Growth of the Beanstalk

So Jack called his mother, and they both gazed in silent wonder at the beanstalk, which was not only of great height, but was thick enough to bear Jack's weight. "I wonder where it ends," said Jack to his mother. "I think I will climb up and see."

His mother wished him not to venture up this strange ladder, but Jack coaxed her to give her consent to the attempt, for he was certain there must be something wonderful in the beanstalk; so at last she yielded to his wishes.

Jack instantly began to climb, and went up and up on the ladder-like beanstalk until everything he had left behind him -- the cottage, the village, and even the tall church tower -- looked quite little, and still he could not see the top of the beanstalk.

Jack felt a little tired, and thought for a moment that he would go back again; but he was a very persevering boy, and he knew that the way to succeed in anything is not to give up. So after resting for a moment he went on. After climbing higher and higher, until he grew afraid to look down for fear he should be giddy, Jack at last reached the top of the beanstalk, and found himself in a beautiful country, finely wooded, with beautiful meadows covered with sheep. A crystal stream ran through the pastures; not far from the place where he had got off the beanstalk stood a fine, strong castle.

Jack wondered very much that he had never heard of or seen this castle before; but when he reflected on the subject, he saw that it was as much separated from the village by the perpendicular rock on which it stood as if it were in another land.

While Jack was standing looking at the castle, a very strange looking woman came out of the wood, and advanced towards him. She wore a pointed cap of quilted red satin turned up with ermine. Her hair streamed loose over her

shoulders, and she walked with a staff. Jack took off his cap and made her a bow.

"If you please, ma'am," said he, "is this your house?"

"No," said the old lady. "Listen, and I will tell you the story of that castle:"

Once upon a time there was a noble knight, who lived in this castle, which is on the borders of fairyland. He had a fair and beloved wife and several lovely children; and as his neighbours, the little people, were very friendly towards him, they bestowed on him many excellent and precious gifts.

Rumour whispered of these treasures; and a monstrous giant, who lived at no great distance, and who was a very wicked being, resolved to obtain possession of them.

So he bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle, when the knight was in bed and asleep, and he killed him as he lay. Then he went to the part of the castle which was the nursery, and also killed all the poor little ones he found there. Happily for her, the lady was not to be found. She had gone with her infant son, who was only two or three months old, to visit her old nurse, who lived in the valley; and she had been detained all night there by a storm.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, one of the servants at the castle, who had managed to escape, came to tell the poor lady of the sad fate of her husband and her pretty babes. She could scarcely believe him at first, and was eager at once to go back and share the fate of her dear ones. But the old nurse, with many tears, besought her to remember that she had still a child, and that it was her duty to preserve her life for the sake of the poor innocent.

The lady yielded to this reasoning, and consented to remain at her nurse's house as the best place of concealment; for the servant told her that the giant had vowed, if he could find her, he would kill both her and her baby.

Years rolled on. The old nurse died, leaving her cottage and the few articles of furniture it contained to her poor lady, who dwelt in it,

working as a peasant for her daily bread. Her spinning wheel and the milk of a cow, which she had purchased with the little money she had with her, sufficed for the scanty subsistence of herself and her little son. There was a nice little garden attached to the cottage, in which they cultivated peas, beans, and cabbages, and the lady was not ashamed to go out at harvest time, and glean in the fields to supply her little son's wants.

Jack, that poor lady is your mother. This castle was once your father's, and must again be yours.

Jack uttered a cry of surprise. "My mother! Oh, madam, what ought I to do? My poor father! My dear mother!"

"Your duty requires you to win it back for your mother. But the task is a very difficult one, and full of peril, Jack. Have you courage to undertake it?"

"I fear nothing when I am doing right," said Jack.

"Then," said the lady in the red cap, "you are one of those who slay giants. You must get into the castle, and if possible possess yourself of a hen that lays golden eggs, and a harp that talks. Remember, all the giant possesses is really yours." As she ceased speaking, the lady of the red hat suddenly disappeared, and of course Jack knew she was a fairy.

Jack determined at once to attempt the adventure; so he advanced, and blew the horn which hung at the castle portal. The door was opened in a minute or two by a frightful giantess, with one great eye in the middle of her forehead. As soon as Jack saw her he turned to run away, but she caught him, and dragged him into the castle.

"Ho, ho!" she laughed terribly. "You didn't expect to see me here, that is clear! No, I shan't let you go again. I am weary of my life. I am so overworked, and I don't see why I should not have a page as well as other ladies. And you shall be my boy. You shall clean the knives, and black the boots, and make the fires, and help me generally when the giant is out. When he is at home I must hide you, for he has eaten up

all my pages hitherto, and you would be a dainty morsel, my little lad."

While she spoke she dragged Jack right into the castle. The poor boy was very much frightened, as I am sure you and I would have been in his place. But he remembered that fear disgraces a man, so he struggled to be brave and make the best of things.

"I am quite ready to help you, and do all I can to serve you, madam," he said, "only I beg you will be good enough to hide me from your husband, for I should not like to be eaten at all."

"That's a good boy," said the giantess, nodding her head; "it is lucky for you that you did not scream out when you saw me, as the other boys who have been here did, for if you had done so my husband would have awakened and have eaten you, as he did them, for breakfast. Come here, child; go into my wardrobe. He never ventures to open that. You will be safe there."

And she opened a huge wardrobe which stood in the great hall, and shut him into it. But the keyhole was so large that it admitted plenty of air, and he could see everything that took place through it. By and by he heard a heavy tramp on the stairs, like the lumbering along of a great cannon, and then a voice like thunder cried out.

Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

"Wife," cried the giant, "there is a man in the castle. Let me have him for breakfast."

"You are grown old and stupid," cried the lady in her loud tones. "It is only a nice fresh steak off an elephant that I have cooked for you which you smell. There, sit down and make a good breakfast."

And she placed a huge dish before him of savoury steaming meat, which greatly pleased him and made him forget his idea of an Englishman being in the castle. When he had breakfasted he went out for a walk; and then the giantess opened the door, and made Jack

come out to help her. He helped her all day. She fed him well, and when evening came put him back in the wardrobe.

The Hen That Lays Golden Eggs

The giant came in to supper. Jack watched him through the keyhole, and was amazed to see him pick a wolf's bone and put half a fowl at a time into his capacious mouth.

When the supper was ended he bade his wife bring him his hen that laid the golden eggs.

"It lays as well as it did when it belonged to that paltry knight," he said. "Indeed, I think the eggs are heavier than ever."

The giantess went away, and soon returned with a little brown hen, which she placed on the table before her husband. "And now, my dear," she said, "I am going for a walk, if you don't want me any longer."

"Go," said the giant. "I shall be glad to have a nap by and by."

Then he took up the brown hen and said to her, "Lay!" And she instantly laid a golden egg.

"Lay!" said the giant again. And she laid another.

"Lay!" he repeated the third time. And again a golden egg lay on the table.

Now Jack was sure this hen was that of which the fairy had spoken.

By and by the giant put the hen down on the floor, and soon after went fast asleep, snoring so loud that it sounded like thunder.

Directly Jack perceived that the giant was fast asleep, he pushed open the door of the wardrobe and crept out. Very softly he stole across the room, and, picking up the hen, made haste to quit the apartment. He knew the way to the kitchen, the door of which he found was left ajar. He opened it, shut and locked it after him, and flew back to the beanstalk, which he descended as fast as his feet would move.

When his mother saw him enter the house she wept for joy, for she had feared that the fairies had carried him away, or that the giant had found him. But Jack put the brown hen down before her, and told her how he had been in the giant's castle, and all his adventures. She was

very glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more.

The Money Bags

Jack made another journey up the beanstalk to the giant's castle one day while his mother had gone to market. But first he dyed his hair and disguised himself. The old woman did not know him again and dragged him in as she had done before to help her to do the work; but she heard her husband coming, and hid him in the wardrobe, not thinking that it was the same boy who had stolen the hen. She bade him stay quite still there, or the giant would eat him. Then the giant came in saying:

Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

"Nonsense!" said the wife, "it is only a roasted bullock that I thought would be a tit-bit for your supper; sit down and I will bring it up at once."

The giant sat down, and soon his wife brought up a roasted bullock on a large dish, and they began their supper. Jack was amazed to see them pick the bones of the bullock as if it had been a lark.

As soon as they had finished their meal, the giantess rose and said:, "Now, my dear, with your leave I am going up to my room to finish the story I am reading. If you want me call for me."

"First," answered the giant, "bring me my money bags, that I may count my golden pieces before I sleep."

The giantess obeyed. She went and soon returned with two large bags over her shoulders, which she put down by her husband.

"There," she said; "that is all that is left of the knight's money. When you have spent it you must go and take another baron's castle."

"Oh, ladd You are a very good boy but I wr

"That he shan't, if I can help it," thought Jack.

The giant, when his wife was gone, took out heaps and heaps of golden pieces, and counted them, and put them in piles, until he was tired of the amusement. Then he swept them all back into their bags, and leaning back in his chair fell fast asleep, snoring so loud that no other sound was audible.

Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and taking up the bags of money (which were his very own, because the giant had stolen them from his father), he ran off, and with great difficulty descending the beanstalk, laid the bags of gold on his mother's table. She had just returned from town, and was crying at not finding Jack.

"There, mother, I have brought you the gold that my father lost."

"Oh, Jack! You are a very good boy, but I wish you would not risk your precious life in the giant's castle. Tell me how you came to go there again." And Jack told her all about it.

Jack's mother was very glad to get the money, but she did not like him to run any risk for her. But after a time Jack made up his mind to go again to the giant's castle. So he climbed the beanstalk once more, and blew the horn at the giant's gate. The giantess soon opened the door. She was very stupid, and did not know him again, but she stopped a minute before she took him in. She feared another robbery; but Jack's fresh face looked so innocent that she could not resist him, and so she bade him come in, and again hid him away in the wardrobe.

By and by the giant came home, and as soon as he had crossed the threshold he roared out:

Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

"You stupid old giant," said his wife, "you only smell a nice sheep, which I have grilled for your dinner."

And the giant sat down, and his wife brought up a whole sheep for his dinner. When he had eaten it all up, he said, "Now bring me my harp, and I will have a little music while you take your walk." The giantess obeyed, and returned with a beautiful harp. The framework was all sparkling with diamonds and rubies, and the strings were all of gold.

"This is one of the nicest things I took from the knight," said the giant. "I am very fond of music, and my harp is a faithful servant."

So he drew the harp towards him, and said, "Play!" And the harp played a very soft, sad air. "Play something merrier!" said the giant. And the harp played a merry tune.

"Now play me a lullaby," roared the giant, and the harp played a sweet lullaby, to the sound of which its master fell asleep.

Then Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and went into the huge kitchen to see if the giantess had gone out. He found no one there, so he went to the door and opened it softly, for he thought he could not do so with the harp in his hand.

Then he entered the giant's room and seized the harp and ran away with it; but as he jumped over the threshold the harp called out, "Master! Master!" And the giant woke up. With a tremendous roar he sprang from his seat, and in two strides had reached the door.

But Jack was very nimble. He fled like lightning with the harp, talking to it as he went (for he saw it was a fairy), and telling it he was the son of its old master, the knight.

Still the giant came on so fast that he was quite close to poor Jack, and had stretched out his great hand to catch him. But, luckily, just at the moment he stepped upon a loose stone, stumbled, and fell flat on the ground, where he lay at his full length.

This accident gave Jack time to get on the beanstalk and hasten down it; but just as he reached their own garden he beheld the giant descending after him.

"Mother! mother!" cried Jack, "make haste and give me the axe." His mother ran to him with a hatchet in her hand, and Jack with one tremendous blow cut through all the stems except one.

"Now, mother, stand out of the way!" said he. Jack's mother shrank back, and it was well she did so, for just as the giant took hold of the last branch of the beanstalk, Jack cut the stem quite through and darted from the spot.

Down came the giant with a terrible crash, and as he fell on his head, he broke his neck, and lay dead at the feet of the woman he had so much injured.

Before Jack and his mother had recovered from their alarm and agitation, a beautiful lady stood before them. "Jack," said she, "you have acted like a brave knight's son, and deserve to have your inheritance restored to you. Dig a grave and bury the giant, and then go and kill the giantess."

"But," said Jack, "I could not kill anyone unless I were fighting with him; and I could not draw my sword upon a woman. Moreover, the giantess was very kind to me."

The fairy smiled on Jack. "I am very much pleased with your generous feeling," she said. "Nevertheless, return to the castle, and act as you will find needful."

Jack asked the fairy if she would show him the way to the castle, as the beanstalk was now down. She told him that she would drive him there in her chariot, which was drawn by two peacocks. Jack thanked her, and sat down in the chariot with her. The fairy drove him a long distance round, until they reached a village which lay at the bottom of the hill. Here they found a number of miserable-looking men assembled. The fairy stopped her carriage and addressed them.

"My friends," said she, "the cruel giant who oppressed you and ate up all your flocks and herds is dead, and this young gentleman was the means of your being delivered from him, and is the son of your kind old master, the knight."

The men gave a loud cheer at these words, and pressed forward to say that they would serve Jack as faithfully as they had served his father. The fairy bade them follow her to the castle, and they marched thither in a body, and Jack blew the horn and demanded admittance.

The old giantess saw them coming from the turret loop hole. She was very much

frightened, for she guessed that something had happened to her husband; and as she came downstairs very fast she caught her foot in her dress, and fell from the top to the bottom and broke her neck.

When the people outside found that the door was not opened to them, they took crowbars and forced the portal. Nobody was to be seen, but on leaving the hall they found the body of the giantess at the foot of the stairs.

Thus Jack took possession of the castle. The fairy went and brought his mother to him, with the hen and the harp. He had the giantess buried, and endeavoured as much as lay in his power to do right to those whom the giant had robbed. Before her departure for fairyland, the fairy explained to Jack that she had sent the butcher to meet him with the beans, in order to try what sort of lad he was.

"If you had looked at the gigantic beanstalk and only stupidly wondered about it," she said, "I should have left you where misfortune had placed you, only restoring her cow to your mother. But you showed an inquiring mind, and great courage and enterprise, therefore you deserve to rise; and when you mounted the beanstalk you climbed the Ladder of Fortune."

She then took her leave of Jack and his mother.

The Maïeutics for Jack and the Beanstalk

In the two versions presented above, the tale begins with something about the cow of the family. Jack's mother is a widow and Jack is too young to work. They are poor, or they are so poor that they have nothing to eat at all. Either they have nothing to eat, and that is what makes them sell their cow, or the cow gives no more milk, and that is why they have no more to eat and why they must sell the cow. The lack of food is anyway related to the cow.

In fact, this is the sign of weaning. Jack is seven years old, he is biologically weaned. You must understand that in humans, the biological weaning is naturally at the latest at seven years (it is not an average, it is a maximum age). This is observed by the disappearance of the digestive enzyme of lactose (milk sugar): the lactase; the loss of the baby teeth, the weight ratio of the weaned child and adult compared to other mammals, and the maturity of the immune system.

In fact, the cow is an avatar of the nursing mother. Also note that the cow has exactly the same gestation time as the European woman: 280 days (10 moon months, or 9 solar months). Even today, breast milk is mainly replaced by cow's milk. The cow that has no more milk is the cow that weans, quite simply. It is also the image of parents who no longer have food in stories, they, or the mother, has no more milk to give. It is also the image of the parents or the mother who abandons her/their child or her/their children in the tales. She does not abandon them, she weans them. To abandon is simply an analogy of weaning, even more clearly when it is linked to a lack of food.

Weaning is *sevrer* in French, and it comes from the Latin *separare*, simply meaning *to separate*.

The seven years are in psychology the coming in *the age of reason*, and this marks an important change in the child, where he is more turned towards learning than to survival. This is the age of the reincarnation ritual described in *The Secret of the She-Bear*.

The fact that the father is dead is an image of the lost ancestor, of the lost self.

The moment Jack has to sell the cow and meet the old man is very important. This old man is the ancestor. It's Jack himself, ready to live again in himself. The mother wishes to have money for the cow, which is traditionally given against the baby teeth. The coins, I remind you, are the symbol of the ovum, the egg, in the ritual of reincarnation and the symbolic pregnancy and rebirth. In fact he receives money, he receives new teeth, the teeth of the ancestor. The coin *is* the teeth, they are equivalent symbols. You have to lose your baby teeth so that the ancestor comes back to you through the adult teeth. And adult teeth are like *seeds growing in the child*.

Teeth, in fact, are more than only teeth, teeth are directly related to brain development and maintenance. Be careful, I'm not saying that teeth are intelligence, but that teeth are related to the state of the brain. Thus, several studies highlight the link between chewing and memory or even cognitive abilities (<u>Gummedup memory: chewing gum impairs short-term</u>

recall, Kozlov MD1, Hughes RW, Jones DM, 2012). Similarly, to get rid of obsessing music, a study shows that it is good to chew (in this case chewing gum): Want to block earworms from conscious awareness? B(u)y gum!, Beaman CP1, Powell K, Rapley E., 2015.

Chewing will not make you directly smarter in the long term, but not chewing will degenerate your brain. This is what a Japanese study showed:

The study involved more than 1,500 elderly people in Japan who had their health monitored between 2007 and 2012.

The study found participants with fewer teeth had a greater chance of developing dementia within the five years of the study.

For example, people with 1-9 teeth had an 81% higher risk of dementia than those with 20 teeth or more.

Takeuchi K, Ohara T, Furuta M et al, <u>Tooth Loss</u> and Risk of Dementia in the Community: the <u>Hisayama Study</u>. The Journal of the American Geriatrics Society. Published online March 8 2017.

Well, I do not advertise chewing gums, it concerns any chewing. Chewing is related to the proper functioning of the brain. Healthy teeth support a healthy brain.

But in fact, why do I talk to you about teeth? He has not received teeth, he has received beans... You will quickly understand why teeth and beans are equivalent symbols.

You have to take all these stories as riddles.

Already, remember the Italian version of Little Red Riding Hood:

"Grandmother, I'm hungry, I want my supper first."

"Eat the beans boiling in the boiler."

In the pot were the teeth. The child stirred them around and said, "Grandmother, they're too hard."

Then you have to understand that the beans are seeds, and what do the seeds do? They grow. Like the teeth. Beans are also the replacements of the coins here, and the coins,

as explained before, are notably avatars of the teeth (that is why the little mouse or the tooth fairy gives you coins in exchange for the baby/milk teeth). But that's not all. As explained in *The Secret of the She-Bear*, there are other traditions, where the teeth are replaced by coins or seeds, such as the tradition of the King Cake. The tradition is that one conceals a bean or a coin in a cake that will be shared, and the child who eats the piece with the bean is designated king or queen. In fact it is a reminiscence of the beginning of the reincarnation ritual. The child did not find a bean, but he lost his teeth in the cake/food.

Beans are all that makes up the intelligence, the specificity and the complexity of this tale. Yes, the teeth / beans given by the ancestor as payment against weaning (the sale of the nursing cow: Milky-White) are magical, they will grow in him and give him the knowledge of the ancestor, the identity of the ancestor. The so-called definitive teeth or adult teeth are not adult teeth, they are the teeth of the ancestors, growing in the mouth of the child, which becomes at that time more reasonable, more individual, and with a more marked

personality, because the impulsive period related to strict survival has passed. This is the age of reason, starting around 7 years old and ending around 8 years old.

I will focus, for analysis, most on Andrew Lang's version, which is less known but more complete. In both versions, the beans, even if the mother does not believe in their magic, are planted either by mistake or by Jack. In both versions, Jack is hungry and is more or less rejected by his mother, the best images possible for weaning.

Let's say immediately that the bean and its huge stem, or rather its stems, twisted to each other, are an image of the placenta and the umbilical cord, which itself is linked, in the world outside, to the sky and to trees (see The Secret of the She-Bear). Jack entered the reincarnation ritual of our ancestors after weaning, and now he is learning from his ancestor, pictured by the father, through the placenta, who is genetically mostly the father. Jack wonders how he did not know this castle and this world before but understands that since it was so far away vertically, he did not

realize its presence before. Here we have the clear image of the child who becomes aware, in this case, of his past, of the knowledge of himself as an ancestor. Distant vertically here, means distant in time. Jack learns, and remembers.

The fairy, as explained in The Secret of the Shebear, is the bee, the midwife of Nature, the one who helps plants give birth to their fruit, the one that helps to give birth to oneself, one's new identity, she is the goddess Maïa (see the maieutics of Socrates). She is also the substitute of the ancestor in life, the one who keeps the knowledge and the passwords, and the one who keeps closed or opens. On the other hand, she does not really have any power, she can only tell, explain, give her knowledge, ask questions and wait. The one who holds the power is the individual itself, it is he who alone can actually give birth to his identity, the ancestor, his reminiscence, his knowledge. That's why the fairy tells Jack that he has to do exactly as she tells him, otherwise she will lose her power and will not be able to help him any more.

Jack learns who he is, where he comes from, in a way as *Perceval*, he learns his name.

It is the ogre who killed the father and took all his possessions because that is what the placenta (which is also the dragon in tales and myths) does. The placenta is the father, the remains of the father, in other words, the ancestor, and the one who will transfer his remains, his memory, his brain, to his new body.

So he has the courage to challenge the ogre. The ogre is the male bear, but it is also the placenta in its dangerous side (The Secret of the She-Bear), the placenta is the one that receives food from the mother (the ogress), that's why it is she who prepares the dishes for him in tales, even if it is sometimes the ogre who hunts the animals (he is the hunter: he goes for the prepared food / blood himself, what is known today, since the placenta is even able to regulate the blood pressure of the mother -hence pregnancy diseases such as preeclampsia- that is to say, in other words: it can take more or less blood from the mother, and more or less quickly.). The ogre wants to eat the children because he hunts them (by the umbilical cord, sometimes also replaced by a spear or arrow), but also because he eats them literally, the placenta also pumping the deoxygenated («dirty») blood from the fetus to give it to the mother who «wash» and reoxygen it.

Of course, in the first proposed version of the tale (Jacobs'), Jack calls the ogress *«mum»*...

Like Óðinn, like the skull of the dead ancestor who has no eyes, like the bear, the ogre sees very badly, but he smells very well. Note that he says he smells the breath (blood) of an Englishman. Indeed, because he is connected to him by this breath through the umbilical cord, even if he can not see it. In the version by Lang, the ogress needs someone to help her tidy up and take care of her home (the uterus); in the version by Jacobs, Jack first asks to eat (like the fetus), and also gets something to eat, which is strange from an ogress, isn't it? Then he is hidden in the oven, not to be seen by the ogre male / placenta. The oven is the uterus, where the bread swells, is prepared and cooked. Strange to accept being hidden in the oven of an ogress, right?

In Lang's version, Jack will help the ogress to tidy, clean, and maintain the castle, as the fetus «maintains» the uterus. Note this quote: «Come here, child; go into my wardrobe. He never ventures to open *that*.». The uterus is the closed, secure, the strongest work in the world that even the father / placenta can not open. The keyhole, or cleft, present in several tales (*Donkey skin* for example), is the cervix, through where midwives can *see or feel* the fetus.

What is strange is that I tell you that the ogre is the placenta, but there, when Jack is hidden, he seems to be outside the womb. That's because the ogre / placenta is both the placenta (inside, it's actually inside the castle, like Jack when he cannot not see him) and the ancestor and the sorcerer / midwife (outside).

But in fact... the keyhole is also and especially the navel, Óðinn's one eye, that's why we can read the following in the Lang's version: «But the keyhole was so large that it admitted plenty of air»... And like the third eye, it is by this that Jack can «see»: «and he could see everything that

took place through it». In fact both are linked, the cord closing the uterus is the cervix, and/because the cut cord signifying the open uterus.

It is the ogre who hunts food, but it is his wife, the ogress, who prepares it. In other words, the placenta is seeking food (blood) prepared by the mother. The placenta, through the hormones, pushes the mother to eat, especially sweet foods, but it is the mother who turns this food into blood. Sometimes, in tales and in mythology, it is also the ogress who hunts. The ogre only eats meat, blood.

The ogress feeds Jack too. Strange, she's an ogress, but we almost never see her eating. It is precisely because for her to eat is to transform the food, to prepare it. This is also why the uterus is the oven. She, the pregnant woman, eats for the others: the placenta then the fetus. She prepares the food and for that she eats.

The chicken is, like birds in general, and often the birds with long neck (stork, goose, swan...: the neck being the umbilical cord), an image of the placenta and its amniotic bag.

In fact, all these objects that will parade in front of Jack (the chicken with the golden eggs, the bag of gold coins, the magic harp) are placenta avatars. As it has been explained in the book The Secret of the Bear, the ritual of reincarnation of our ancestors, which took place to the seven years of the child, lasted one year and it was composed of three pregnancies and symbolic births intertwined some in others. Thus, the classic tales are often formed on this model. with an action, a symbolic pregnancy and symbolic birth, repeated three times. As it involves three pregnancies and symbolic births, three avatars of the placenta are needed, which each time are feeding the fetus, giving him their knowledge, and then are dragged out with him at birth.

As in mythology, the attributes of a character are in fact an aspect of himself, they are used to give you a new information about him. It is a visual-spatial language. Here, it's the same thing. The main image of the placenta is the ogre, but his possessions are also himself. And also more interesting, you are told in the tale, that the placenta, and its possessions, are actually Jack's father. Interesting when we

know today that the placenta is genetically predominantly the father, as said before:

Paternally expressed genes predominate in the placenta. Wang X(1), Miller DC, Harman R, Antczak DF, Clark AG, 2013

In fact, it's slightly more complicated. We can get a placenta when cloning, so with only maternal genes, but usually the placenta will not work, and if it works, we think that's why the clones are failing, because to give an image, the placenta thus obtained is «empty», it has no substance, it does not do its job, namely that of taking the nutrients from the mother to give them to the fetus. In fact, we obtain a completely defective fetus, even if genetically speaking it does not seem to be defective. It is thought that the placenta is mainly composed of the father's genes (if there are such genes), because evolutionarily speaking, it is an advantage. Yes, because it behaves like an ogre. The father has an interest in his fetus developing as much as possible. For the mother, it is more complicated because the fetus pumps in her reserves while he is partly «a foreign body». As a result, the body of the

mother would tend not to give enough. The placenta is literally the father in the mother, who pumps the mother's nutrients and even controls her body, to give them to the fetus.

<u>Placental developmental defects in cloned</u> <u>mammalian animals.</u> Ao Z(1), Liu DW(1), Cai GY(1), Wu ZF(1), Li ZC(1), 2016:

«The cloning technique, also called somatic cell nuclear transfer (SCNT), has been successfully established and gradually applied to various mammalian species. However, the developmental rate of SCNT mammalian embryos is very low, usually at 1% to 5%, which limits the application of SCNT. Placental developmental defects are considered as the main cause of SCNT embryo development inhibition. Almost all of SCNTderived mammalian placentas exhibit various abnormalities, such as placental hyperplasia, vascular defects and umbilical cord malformation. Mechanistically, these abnormalities result from failure of establishment of correct epigenetic modification in the trophectoderm genome, which leads to erroneous expression of important genes for placenta development-related, particularly imprinted genes. Consequently, aberrant imprinted

gene expression gives rise to placental morphologic abnormalities and functional defects, therefore decreases developmental competence of cloned embryos.»

You know what? These famous nutrients, do you know where they are going? Mainly to the brain (more than 60%). That's why there is a disease of pregnancy which is peculiar to human, who has developed such a greedy brain. This is preeclampsia, the disease of the a bit too greedy ogre. Preeclampsia is, in short, a pregnancy-induced hypertension in the late pregnancy, caused by the placenta, which makes the mother's body work so much that it can be deadly for her. In any case, this is the way our ancestors saw this disease. Interestingly, when we know that the rare born at term fetuses from pre-eclamptic mothers have developed a larger brain than normal born atterm fetuses. Hypertension is simply more blood, faster, for the placenta, who wants to have more. As a result, for the mother's body, it is especially more work for the kidneys and the liver that must clean more blood, faster, and often these kidneys (and sometimes the liver) are failing and put the mother in a vital danger.

Moreover, only the birth and the exit of the placenta puts an end to the disease. But from the point of view of.... the ogre, it's perfect, it's more to eat.

This disease is associated with a greedy brain, and is only present in humans.

Altered Fetal Head Growth in Preeclampsia. A Retrospective Cohort Proof-Of-Concept Study. Eviston DP(1), Minasyan A(2), Mann KP(3), Peek MJ(1), Nanan RK(2)., 2015:

«A preeclamptic fetus born after 36.3 weeks gestation is estimated to have a larger head circumference than a control fetus, and this difference increases with increasing gestational age.»

All this to give you an image. The placenta gives its head to the head of the fetus. Often in tales, at the beginning of the story, the ogre is pretty tricky, and then over time, it's the child or children who gets smarter and who, in the end, get rid of the ogre by trickery. Clearly, he has become smarter over time. All this also to explain to you that the blood given to the fetus

is also and above all what makes him intelligent, which gives him the possibility to remember. Blood is not only a physical element, but here, in this symbolic pregnancy, a spiritual element, it is the memory of the ancestor (here the father), the reminiscences, the understanding, transmitted by the placenta-ogre.

And this symbol is gold. Gold is blood and memory. Memory because gold is the oldest element (known) of the universe, it is thought that it is created in the death (explosion) of a star, and it does not alter. So, gold has seen everything from the beginning of our solar system. As our ancestors thought that, like with amnesiacs today, the objects of the past (the famous «gifts») allowed us to remember the knowledge of our past lives, what better than a object made of gold?

It's also music, because music is the language of the soul, it helps the soul to remember (that's why music can make you nostalgic), and is also breath, oxygen, so blood.

Let's go back to the story. Each time, the ogre eats a dish served by his wife, the pregnant woman (the pregnant woman is indeed the wife of the placenta, since the placenta is the father). And after, only after, he asks this one to bring him an avatar of himself who, (dare I say it?) flows. After eating, the ogre / placenta flows, blood / gold / music flows from him: he asks the hen to make eggs, he counts the gold coins from the bag (the amniotic bag), and he plays a tune of music with the harp (avatar of the bow, which pulls the arrow / umbilical cord). Meanwhile, Jack, the fetus, watches everything from the keyhole (the navel), understand: he drinks, like Óðinn from the well of Mímir, and finally, when the ogre / placenta falls asleep, he goes out through this hole, steals the blood / memory / knowledge / intelligence from the placenta / ogre (but which comes from his own father) and comes out of the womb with. In fact, the real thief in history is the fetus, but of course, since it was to him all his blood was destined. It is to him all these orgies benefit, it is to him that the substance of the ogre returns. Why is he gets rich then, you ask me? But because wealth is life, it is memory, it is spiritual knowledge and reminiscences.

Beware, this is not a glorification of fertility, it is a glorification of knowledge, deep knowledge of the world and nature, and of the voluntary transmission of the ancestor into a new body. I am often asked when I speak of reincarnation «but who was I? Who was you?». You probably will never know it. This is not what is important, it should not be misunderstood. Reincarnation is taking possession of past knowledge, of deep knowledge of the functioning of Nature, of the universe and of its spiritual aspect. This knowledge is particularly in the understanding of the myths and riddles that I present to you here. As in your life, all memories are not useful and therefore not kept. Otherwise you would be cluttered with useless memories... Likewise for past lives. Remember which individual you was, is it useful? No, not when there are so many things to remember as well.

Jack's tale ends in a very precious way for its understanding. At the end, the harp calls its master / ogre and so we understand that it and he are one. Thus, it also attracts him in his fall and death: birth.

But the best is this word game: Jack asks his mother to give him the axe (the axe as the hammer of Pórr, is an avatar of the heart), with the axe / heart, «in a tremendous blow», he cuts all the stems of the bean except one. Understand this as follows: in a stroke, but also in a breath, with the help of his heart (which will soon work alone and be the only one to give him oxygen, breath, blood) given by his mother, he breathes suddenly, and with that breath, he cuts off the blood circulation in the cord.

Note that the blood circulation stops by itself at birth, and that there remains then only the empty cord that connects the fetus to the mother. Theoretically, and contrary to modern practices, it is at this point that the cord should be cut. And there, what does he say to his mother? «Now, mother, stand out of the way!» And with the axe / heart, while the ogre / placenta holds the last branch (the cord), he cuts it, resulting in the fall and death of the placenta / ogre lying dead, near the mother, «the woman he had so much injured»...:

«"Mother! mother!" cried Jack, "make haste and give me the axe." His mother ran to him with a hatchet in her hand, and Jack with one tremendous blow cut through all the stems except one.

"Now, mother, stand out of the way!" said he. Jack's mother shrank back, and it was well she did so, for just as the giant took hold of the last branch of the beanstalk, Jack cut the stem quite through and darted from the spot.

Down came the giant with a terrible crash, and as he fell on his head, he broke his neck, and lay dead at the feet of the woman he had so much injured.»

The image is particularly clear, you will agree...

Here, the image of the ogress who must also be killed, is the image of the pregnancy itself, the pregnant woman, the «possessed» aspect of the woman. Of course, she is now disappearing, with the death of her husband and her death is that of a placenta, of which she herself has become an aspect (*she breaks her neck*, her head is cut off, she is slaughtered: in tales that means *cutting the cord*).

The fairy is the midwife, the image of the mother herself (often she was the mother or grandmother of the mother). In fairy tales she is the god-mother, a role she often embodied before. She is also the witch, Maïa, the one who helps to give birth to knowledge, the one who keeps the passwords.

Other books by Varg Vikernes

- -Vargsmål, Oslo 1997
- -Germansk Mytologi og Verdensanskuelse, Stockholm 2000
- -Sorcery and Religion in Ancient Scandinavia, London 2011
- -Reflections on European Mythology and Polytheism, 2015
- -Mythic Fantasy Role-playing Game (MYFAROG), 2015

Other books by Marie Cachet

- -Le secret de l'Ourse, 2016
- -Le besoin d'impossible, 2009

Other Paganism Explained books:

-Paganism Explained, Part I: Þrymskviða

PAGANISM EXPLAINED



PART III: THE CULT OF MITHRA & HYMISKVIÐA

VARG VIKERNES & MARIE CACHET

Mythology Explained: Part III: The Cult of Mithra & Hymiskviða

By Varg Vikernes & Marie Cachet



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Initial Notes

This is part III in our Paganism Explained series. See Part I for an introduction to this series.

The Norse stanza were memorized, so we can assume that they did not include any information in them unless that information was important for the message of the myth. This will be very evident when we have a look at Hymiskviða, but before we go there we shall delve into the mysterious Culf of Mithra....

Varg Vikernes February 2018

The Cult of Mithra

Explanation of the Myth

We don't know much about Mithraism, in the classic and modern sense of the term. By that I mean that we have almost no written record of what this kind of worship represented in reality, and no testimony from its followers. The main sources on which Mithraism is based are archaeological, that is to say mithraeum (temples), statues, sculptures, paintings, mosaics, etc.

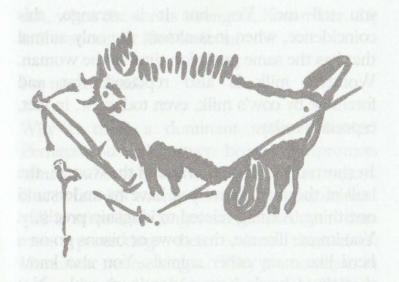
We know that the temples were always natural caves or artificial caves, or even rooms decorated like caves. We also know that this cult was reserved for men or boys, without a minimum age, and that it was a kind of initiation in seven stages.

Regarding the god Mithra himself, for short, we understand that he was born from a stone, he gave birth to himself, we understand that he follows and then kills a bull, more or less helped by a dog, and that once the bull is killed, there seems to come a snake, who drinks the blood flowing from his wound, and a scorpion that squeezes his testicles. It is also known that

worshipers ate bread and wine in the mithraeum. Often there is also a lion figure, intertwined by one or more snakes, holding a key in each hand.

Nothing is really understood, and no complete and logical explanation is given concerning the meaning of this myth and the role of this «god». Some have tried to explain the cave as representing the cosmos, which is also true, but it is not enough to explain the myth and all its symbols. People often claim that the scorpion or snake is the appearance of the devil, or that the appearance of Mithra is a kind of salvation, and other christianized theories.

It must be understood that Mithraism is extremely old. Much older than what you are usually taught. In any case its origins go back to Stone Age and the traces are obvious. I would like to trace the first known evidence to the Bruniquel Cave in France (-176 500 years), the oldest «building» in the world, but I will not do it. Well not here, not now. I will just point out the Chauvet Pont d'Arc Cave (France, -35 000), with the image of a male human with a bull's head hugging a female human with lion's head... And of course, the well in the cave of Lascaux (France, -17 000), with this image:



That's done. Now you have to understand one thing. When you see in the mythological symbolism a bull, you have to think about what a bull is. This is how we read myths, with their symbols. You are told bull, so think *bull*. The bull is the male of the cow; and what is the cow?

It's many things... a cow, but especially, it has a pregnancy that lasts 280 days. Yes, well, so what? It's like the bisone, the female bison from the Lascaux cave. On this point, bison and bull, bisone and cow are equivalent. 280 days is exactly the same gestation as the European woman. 280 days, i. e. 10 female cycles or «lunar months» and 9 solar months. Coincidentally,

you tell me? Yes, but it is strange, this coincidence, when it is almost the only animal that has the same gestation time as the woman. Women's milk is also replaced first and foremost by cow's milk, even today, or, in fact, especially today.

In short, the cow is an avatar of the woman, the bull of the man. Now you have to understand one thing. A thing related to kingship precisely. You know, like me, that cows or bisons go on a herd like many other animals. You also know that these herds have a dominant male. Not only do they have a dominant male but they also have a hierarchy, often related to age in addition to strength and what might be called... courage?

You may know that these animals have their offspring in Spring, to ensure optimum development before winter when food is lacking and predators are a great danger. This means they mate 9 months before, in summer. Each year, males become aggressive at this time and the kingship of the dominant male is challenged. The bravest males, often the most aggressive, the most inhabited by the god Pan (adrenaline), are meeting and often fighting. From June to September, this is why the bull is tied to the

sun, when the sun is strongest, in summer, the bull is strongest (Sol Invictus).

I'm not finished.

Why is there a dominant male, a leader? Perhaps you will answer: because he protects others and that is why he must be the strongest. But in fact it's wrong. Moreover, the dominant bull is often less dangerous for predators than cows protecting their calves themselves. Dominant males, kings... They are common in mammals. It is a frequent model. Solitary mammals, on the other hand, undergo an important natural selection, more important in males. They also fight during the breeding season and only the strongest mate.

In humans, the male/female sex ratio is not 1:1 since there are naturally more boys than girls (about 105 percent). At the embryo level, it is even worse, since there are many more male embryos/fetuses than female (120/100) but they are said to be more fragile, most of the miscarriages being male embryos. Why, in Nature, this natural selection on males? We often answer "to keep only the strongest". Well, but why not keep the strongest females too?

Why must the males absolutely be strong, since often, on the contrary to what one believes, he does not protect especially his cubs, except against other males. Why is this natural selection especially present in mammals? Why this notion of kingship? In fact, what is the role of the male in Nature? And especially in mammals?

It will surprise you. Yes, I assure that this role will surprise you.

You know what? Mammal cloning does not work. We did not wait for human science to invent cloning. In Nature, plants, but also some animals, reproduce by cloning the female. Not mammals. Only 1 to 5% of clones in mammals "succeed", that is to say give an almost viable fetus, and when we say viable, it is not viable: all die quickly in a more or less unexplained way. Often the heart stops. This while, genetically, there is no problem since the clone is a perfect copy of the mother. The importance of DNA in mammals must then be questioned, you will agree...

Do you know why cloning fails? Because of the placenta. Generally, without the father's gene,

not even any placenta is obtained. And if you get one, it is so defective, so empty, that the embryo can not be kept alive for more than a few days (as said before, because of heart failure, most often, keep this in mind, because it will be important...). If it comes to term, it is assumed that the failures in the baby are related to the placenta, which has flagrant abnormalities at birth.

In a normal pregnancy and in the case of a normal embryo, the placenta is composed mainly... of the father's genes. In other words, the placenta is the father (and the father brings... the heart). All those who accuse me of defending a matriarchal world view because they hear that the placenta was very important in the religion of our ancestors must understand that: the placenta is the father.

There is no matriarchy or patriarchy in a natural way, there is a coexistence and a complementarity of the two genders, as everywhere (or almost everywhere) in Nature, and especially among mammals whose reproductive system excludes cloning. The placenta has an equivalent symbol in the "outside" world. In fact he has many, but one of

the most common is the tree, as I have said many times. Why? Because he has the same function. It takes from the mother (the air and the Earth for the tree), the nutrients that are there, to make them available for another type of life: the fetus for the placenta, the animal living for the tree. In addition to that, it turns waste into food and oxygen. Carbon dioxide into oxygen, and feces and urine (only urine and blood waste concerning the fetus) into food.

These functions are obviously essential, but that's not all. If we look a bit in recent studies, very recent in fact, there is evidence to what I explained before.

The placenta is a twin of the fetus, but it is also... how to say that... it's the architect. If the nutrients exist in the mother but there is no architect, they are not transmitted, as shown by the cloning of mammals. In the same way, if the nutrients available to animal life are well available in the Earth and in the sky, they are not transmitted to animal life. The tree acts as a pump, a transmitter, and... an architect. Have I not already told you that trees (when I say trees, it's also plants) manipulate animals? You will answer me that we manipulate them too. Yes, as

the fetus also manipulates the placenta, as the young boy or girl in tales ends up taking over the ogre (placenta). It is not clear who manipulates whom. In fact we know that one manipulates the other and the other manipulates the first one. So they are formed according to each other.

The transmitted DNA is one thing, but the DNA is modeled and activated in one way or another by the placenta and especially through the nutrients it gives or does not give, or keeps or does not keep by strategy. And this ability to model, it comes from the father, this ability to pump nutrients (as the heart...) and activate genes, it comes from the father. The fatherplacenta manipulates the mother by its endoctrine (hormonal) function so that it builds the fetus as it wants, for short. If there are not the necessary nutrients in the mother, the construction will not be reliable either. But understand one thing: natural selection then works by itself, since the non-viable fetuses due to a lack of nutrients or a physical problem in the mother will not live or not live well, and therefore the mother will have no viable lineage, or little. Having a bad architect is much worse for everyone. And especially for Nature and the

mother, who invests available nutrients at a loss, and that is why natural selection, in this complex system of reproduction, must take place *before* pregnancy.

But wait, understand one thing, our ancestors thought quite clearly that the reincarnated identity of the newborn was transmitted by the placenta. Memory, in other words. This does not mean that the reincarnated identity does not come partly from the genes of the mother. But what I have called before "the memory genes" would thus be activated or not by the placenta. In other words, the memories come from the placenta. It is also linked to the fact that, in humans, more than 60% of the nutrients in pregnancy are given... to the brain of the fetus, which is extremely greedy. The vitality and growth of the brain depends directly on the vitality and growth of the placenta and is not possible in case of a not enough greedy placenta, so to speak. The greedy placenta (the male ogre in tales) in humans, because of our big brain, creates pregnancy diseases peculiar to the human being such as pre-eclampsia.

Well then, I think kingship is tied to that. The role of the dominant male or the drastic natural

selection in males is to be the best in relation to a given environment, with respect to, if I may say, a natural goal or a mutual modeling of animals, plants or matter in the universe. In fact it is on the male that the natural selection in mammals takes place first and foremost.

So, the myth of Mithra?

Well, already, Mithra is born from a stone. The stone in this context, as we have already explained in the analysis of the Prymskviða myth (Part I of *Paganism Explained*), is the stone giants or ice giants of Nordic mythology. It's the endometrium and the ovary. Mithra himself gives birth to himself, from the ovary. Mithra is the egg, then the fetus. He is wearing the Phrygian cap, that is to say the amniotic bag, which besides, please note this, take this particular form on the head if it comes out before the unborn child, or rather if it is not not broken before birth (*expulsion of the fetus*). Mithra kills the bull by clinging to him (by the sword: the umbilical cord).

The stone is also, most often the symbol of the heart. This is also the case here, because it is precisely blood (from the heart) that is frozen in

the endometrium. The ovaries release the eggs thanks to the vital force coming from the heart.

Please note that female ovaries (as well as male testicles) were literally called "the stones" in the Middle Ages (and certainly before) as attested in *The Midwives book* by Jane Sharp.

Mithra is the egg, the hunter, as Artemis (hunting and moon goddess, the moon is the egg). He kills the bull, his father, the ancestor, the spermatozoon, he catches it by the head, like the spermatozoon is catched by the head. The bull is the ancestor, and the king is replaced by a new king. Often it's even his own son, who is as strong as he is, but younger. The bull-spermancestor is killed and his body and blood will give all that will be needed for the life in utero of Mithra, the new king. And the scorpion castrates the male bull, the fallen king, since he is no longer the dominant male and leaves room for the new himself to be reincarnated. The dog helps to slaughter the bull because it is the female reproductive apparatus, or female genitals, like the wolf (see Paganism Explained II). The snake crawls on the corpse of the bull to drink its blood. The snake is the umbilical cord, so it is he who will drink the blood of the

bull-placenta-ancestor to give it to Mithra-fetus.

The symbolism of the dog and the snake have already been explained in detail in the previous volumes of *Paganism Explained* and in *The Secret of the She-Bear*. So we will focus on the scorpion:

The scorpion is a particular animal in the sense that it possesses a deadly poison, but also that after the mating, if she can, the female attacks and devours the male (this one runs away at full speed most of the time). Therefore, it is a good image for the killing of the ancestor king for the benefit of the young king, his son; or for the castration of the king (who is stripped of his place and can therefore no longer have access to the reproduction).

Mithra also means «friend» they say, but it's an analysis, in fact, the word means.... «ally», understand «he one who is bound». In French, ally is «allié» which literally means «bound to». The one who is connected by the cord, and the twin of the bull, his ancestor, whom he reincarnates. The pregnancy, and the symbolic pregnancy of the ritual of reincarnation being a transmission.

You must understand that this is not a real thing, it is a symbolic pregnancy that aims at a reincarnation (and in fact not of the father in the son, it is also a symbol).

The lion with the keys is also an image of the placenta, as I explained in The Secret of the She-Bear, it is most often the maternal part of the placenta, the one that eats, devours the mother. Often it is not a lion but a lioness, in fact, in Stone Age representations and sphinxes; and also and especially in Greek mythology. The two keys are the two navels, if I may say so, the image of the umbilical cord, as we saw in Paganism Explained Part II, the navel being, among other things, the equivalent of the keyhole in the myths and tales. The lion is therefore the placenta, the snake surrounding him/her the umbilical cord as always, and the two keys the two openings (one side on the placenta, the other side on the fetus).

It is not surprising that the initiation to Mithraism is reserved for men, since, as I explained it is a questioning and a renewal of the male kingship and his right to the reproduction or his symbolic castration. Nor is it surprising that the status obtained in the cult

of Mithra was probably related to the social or military status since, again, it is a copy of the natural hierarchy. I will go so far as to say that if the worship was followed correctly, a centurion was probably not a centurion because he was a centurion, but because his rank in the cult of Mithra was high. However, I imagine that this «divine» hierarchy has been corrupted over time.

My sources (studies):

Paternally expressed genes predominate in the placenta:

Wang X, Miller DC, Harman R, Antezak DF, Clark AG, 2013.

<u>Placental developmental defects in cloned</u> <u>mammalian animals :</u> Ao Z, Liu DW, Cai GY, Wu ZF, Li ZC, 2016.

Altered Fetal Head Growth in Preeclampsia: A Retrospective Cohort Proof-Of-Concept Study: Eviston DP, Minasyan A, Mann KP, Peek MJ, Nanan RK, 2015.

Placental Origins of Chronic Disease:
Burton GJ, Fowden AL, Thornburg KL, 2016.

Paternal age, placental weight and placental to birthweight ratio: a population-based study of 500,835 pregnancies:

Strøm-Roum EM, Haavaldsen C, Tanbo TG, Eskild A, 2013.

Gender differences in fetal growth and fetalplacental ratio in preeclamptic and normal pregnancies:

Roland MC, Friis CM, Lorentzen B, Bollerslev J, Haugen G, Henriksen T., 2013.

Initiation in Mithraism

Concerning the degrees of initiation in Mithraism, the sources show that there are seven. Seven, in fact, it is like seven years, originally, because the child is weaned (as explained with more details in our other books, the physiological age of weaning in humans is up to seven years), and becomes an individual when he is seven years old, when he loses his baby teeth and receives the adults teeth. At «the age of reason». In the initiation to Mithraism, these years are imaged by several stages of intellectual evolution:

I. Corax: The raven or crow. His attributes are the beaker (a cup) and the caduceus and he is associated with the god Mercury.

Well, then, this stage is related to the self-awareness of the individual. In fact, of his personality that is reincarnated. If you prefer, the ancestor who reincarnates in him. In short, it is his personality, his individuality that begins to appear. He begins to remember. This slow realization is imaged by a symbolic pregnancy (actually three) followed by a symbolic birth, symbolizing the birth of the personality of the individual. The re-birth of the ancestor in the child or in the new individual, the new body.

The reincarnation of the ancestor.

The raven or crow is a symbol of this transmission (crows are known to have a generation-to-generation transmission). The raven and the raptors were used as symbols since Neanderthal (see the following study: Birds of a feather: Neanderthal Exploitation of Raptors and Corvids, Finlayson C, Brown K, Blasco R, Rosell J, Negro JJ, Bortolotti GR, Finlayson G, Sánchez Marco A, Giles Pacheco F, Rodríguez Vidal J, Carrión JS, Fa DA, Rodríguez Llanes, 2012.)

Obviously, crows, like raptors, are birds and consume meat, and even more precisely, crows consume meat from dead animals or humans. In fact, the crow, a scavenger, is in a way an animal that transforms the dead, the one that fetches the dead, and like the fetus who "eats" the placenta (which is an avatar of the father and the ancestor), the raven "eats" the ancestor.

However, the bird is the symbol of the placenta (the body, when the neck - often long as that of the stork or swan - being the cord) accompanied by the amniotic bag (the wings). The amniotic bag is moreover an egg...

In other words, the placenta-ancestor is caught by the egg-bird that uses it to create an eggplacenta that will give the necessary nutrients to a new individual.

The bird, like the god Mercury (Hermes with winged feet), is also linked to what one would call today the hormones, and the memories, the messages of the ancestor in oneself, somehow. This is exactly the role of the placenta, which, as explained above, is the father (the ancestor) and seems to transmit (through what we call in the modern way the hormones) the memories, the memory of the ancestors.

The beaker or cup is the symbol of the placenta. Its form is similar and the initiate drinks from it as the fetus drinks from the placenta (the same thing concerns the Grail, of course.). The sources seem to explain that the initiates drank wine (avatar of the blood) and were sprinkled with the blood of a bull.

The caduceus, as explained in detail in *The Secret of the She-Bear*, is a symbol of the placenta too, and especially of the umbilical cord, it is the famous relay in the relay race, one of the oldest sports, (see *the Lampadedromie*

ritual in Greek antiquity), it is also the staff adorned with a bird in the Well of the Lascaux Cave (-17000) in France (see page 5).

Thus, it is understandable that the raven is the name and the main symbol of the first stage of initiation in Mithraism. This is the time when the dead ancestor is buried. In fact the ancestor is not buried to be protected, he is buried to be given to the Earth, to the soil; or burned to be given to the air (and to the soil, by the ashes). Generally, in Europe, a tree was planted on the graves. You understand. The tree ate the dead. The «underground» face of the tree ate him in the ground as it ate in the air those who were burned. In this sense, the ancestor became the tree.

Again, we must cross the symbols. The woman has the same role as the soil and the air: she preserves the nutrients until they are transmitted to the placenta-tree, and then to the fetus: to the new living individual, the reincarnated. The female oocytes or egg, are created when the future woman is still fetus. So, concretely, the oocyte or egg you came from was created by your grandmother, so to speak.

2. Nymphus: the Bridegroom. Associated with the goddess Venus. His attributes are the lamp of Venus, the bell, the veil, the tiara or the headband (originally, the tiara is a headband that surrounds the head).

Here, it's easy, the bell means the gathering, like the bells of the churches that call for «Mass» (as usual certainly a revival of the pagan customs), but also like the Easter bells that supposedly bring the eggs and call for someone to pick them up. Well yes, that's it! The goddess Venus, the lamp, the bell, the veil, the tiara, the headband, the bridegroom.... Of course it is about the marriage between the two elements. symbolic reproduction. Either spermatozoon and an egg, or... an ancestor and a child with the bird, the elf, the angel or the fairy as intermediary, which is also, in Nature, the bee, the intermediary between the male flowers and female flowers. The veil is the poetically imaged raised veil of the egg (and the bride, dressed in white because she represents the egg, also avatar of the Moon). The tiara or headband holds the hair (and often in the hairstyle of a bride, the veil itself) in place, untied and then knotted again as the egg, once opened and closed forever.

Venus, like Freyja (see *Paganism Explained I*), is the egg (please remember that the etymology of the word *virgin* says that this word in fact means *«who swells, who grows up»*).

3. Miles: the soldier. Associated with the god Mars. His attributes are the bag, the helmet, the spear, the drum, the belt and the armor.

You have to understand something to conceive the meaning of symbols... In this symbolic pregnancy which ends with the birth, thus the reincarnation of the ancestor in the child, the fetus is assimilated to a soldier, and *this pregnancy is a fight*. In many myths, a fight especially against the placenta-ancestor from which he must separate in order to live himself (the famous dominant bull, replaced and therefore put to death or symbolically castrated).

The bag is as usual the amniotic bag. The helmet is like the Phrygian cap, also the amniotic bag which is on the head of the fetus-soldier, the spear is one of the classic avatars of the umbilical cord, stitched in the placenta-ancestor-bull/bison, as in the representation of the killing in the Well of the Lascaux Cave in France.

The drum is the symbol of the fetus who is fighting in the womb, and who is knocking against the walls.

The belt is the umbilical cord and the armor the body of the fetus, which is gradually being created. In myths (like the one of Perseus), it can also be the symbol of the magic shield, i. e. the womb, the uterus, which is literally a shield that contracts (becomes hard) at the slightest shock or any stimulation to protect the fetus.

As in the Iliad, which will be studied in a future volume, the god Mars/Ares, presides over the combat and inspires the combatants. Mars is married to Venus and likewise her favorite animals are the wolf (symbolic female reproductive system) and the bear (pregnant mother, gravitation) and bulls were sacrificed to Mars.

4. Leo: The lion. Associated with the god Jupiter. Its attributes are the batillum (shovel), the sistrum, the laurel wreath, and the lightning. The lion, often the lioness, the sphinx, is the so-called «maternal» side of the placenta. As explained in *The Secret of the She-Bear*, the bloody maternal side, has as avatar the lion, or

the lioness. Like the lioness devours animals, this side literally devours the mother from within. It is also this side that is detached from the mother after birth. The god Jupiter is the image of the ancestor. The attributes are obvious. A shovel to dig with, a sistrum to scare, a laurel wreath for the life that goes on, and lightning as the vital energy, the spark, the blood.

Let's explain: the shovel is the same symbol as the deer, or more exactly the deer antler, which was the shovel of prehistory, in fact, it is also, because of that, the same symbol as the crown, as explained in *The Secret of the She-Bear*. The crown/shovel on the child's head opens the cervix to get out of the womb, by tapping on it; and you use it to dig and open the grave, and thus revive the ancestor.

The sistrum is there to warn, and especially scare. The word sistrum comes from the Latin sistrum, derived from the ancient Greek σείστςον seistron, «object that one shakes», from the verb σείω seio «to shake», itself related to Sanskrit त्वेषति, tveṣati, to the avestique, θvayah meaning *fear, tremor of fear», from the common Indo-European tuei- («shake»). It is

explained in *The Secret of the She-Bear* why adrenaline, the hormone of fear (the god Pan/Cernunnos/Loki) is essential for childbirth or rebirth, that is to say *to leave the grave*.

Laurel is a shrub that stays alive during the winter. It is therefore the symbol of life in sleep. It also has the property of restoring life, since it is a medicinal plant against winter diseases (flu, cough, gastroenteritis, etc.).

Lightning is the symbol of vital energy, the electricity that starts life (and the heart), the birth. Lightning has the same pattern as veins: a branching pattern. The heart has the same sound as the thunder, which beats rhythmically and receives/sends blood from the body and into the body.

5. Persians: Persia. Associated with the Moon. Its attributes are the Acinaces, a dagger or a short Persian sword, the Phrygian cap, the sickle, the crescent moon and the stars, and the bag over the shoulder.

Here is the fetus coming out of the womb, or the ancestor coming out in the seven-year-old (the new himself, his new body). The moon is both the egg and the mirror (in the tale of *Snow* White, the mirror on the wall is the Moon). The moon is the mirror of the sun, the one that reflects its light even in the darkness. The mirror is the one that shows the other self, the new body. The egg is also the new body, precisely (the light, the life kept in the dark.)

The dagger is both the umbilical cord, and the head of the child who taps on the cervix and opens it, and tears open the entrance. The Persian symbols are not chosen because they are Persian in the sense of the geographical or cultural origin, but because they are from the east, that is to say there where the sun rises, where the sun is reborn. Persia is east of Greece. The Phrygian cap has already been explained, it is the amniotic bag on the head of the fetus to be born, with the particular shape it takes at birth, when it comes out unbroken.

The crescent moon and stars represent life in the night, and respectively the birth and «the departed souls» who are coming back. The bag over the shoulder is of course the amniotic bag that hangs from the cord attached to the child, the amniotic bag is a part of the placenta. 6. Heliodromus: the rolling sun. Associated with the Sun, its atributes are the torch, the sun god, the whips of Helios and the robes.

Of course, it's about life, light, day (by the way, we say in French «to see the day» as synonymous with «being born»). There is not much to add to the symbols themselves, Helios whips represent the rays and radiations of the sun that touch and sometimes burn the skin, and the robes represent both the clothes that humans are covered with from birth, and the Earth, especially the Earth's atmosphere, which protects from the sun's rays.

7. Pater: the father. Associated with Saturn. Its attributes are the patera, the miter, the Phrygian cap, the shepherd's crook, a ring with a ruby or garnet, the chasuble or cape, and robes inlaid with precious stones and metal threads.

You must understand. The symbols are not there to decorate, they have a function of course: to make you understand what these myths are about. They have a meaning. *All initiation consists in the intrinsic comprehension of the essence of these symbols.* Saturn is Cronos. You know like me that it's time. It's Heimdallr. This is the image of time passing. This last stage tells you: the child, the life, the sun will age, it will

have to reincarnate, find a body in which to enter, if I may say. It is Heimdallr, «Santa Claus», the ancestor who enters the body (symbolically the shoes under the tree-placenta or the socks) of the child at Yule.

That explain the famous *Saturnalia*, a Roman festival where the roles was symbolically reversed: the slaves become masters and the masters become slaves: in other words the children become adults (ancestors) and the adults (ancestors) become children.

To «catch» a child (whose avatar is the egg, the virgin in tales, the lamb etc.), the ancestor uses his shepherd's crook, which can also be a scepter or a wizard's staff (the avatar of the dry umbilical cord) which creates a bloody ring on the child and on himself: the ring with a ruby or a garnet, of course it is the navel...

The patera was a very flat ceramic or metal bowl, used for libations in antiquity. The libations were sacrifices in liquid form (usually wine, and in this case it was wine). In short, they poured wine (an avatar of blood) in this... kind of very flat cup. I do not know if we can call it a cup, moreover, it's more like a thick flat metal

dish. Well, well... It's of course the placenta, which as we have already explained is the father-ancestor. That's why we pour wine (blood) on it.

The cap is the amniotic bag, which, remember, is a part of the placenta when the chasuble or cape is more precisely the amniotic bag.

The dress encrusted with precious stones and metallic threads is also the placenta with the amniotic bag, the precious stones and the metallic threads being the blood and the blood vessels. The encrusted dress is also an avatar of the starry night.

This initiation in seven stages, was probably conducted in the form of questions to which the initiate should be able to answer, like the catechism, taken up by Christianity. Probably little by little, as in this one, the initiation lost its meaning, and the answers to be given had to be learned by heart instead.

Before, the initiation and the transition from one grade to another concerning Mithraism, was precisely about the understanding of symbols and myths. The proof of this (here memorized) «catechism» connected (we think) to the Leo grade seems to lie in the following fragmented Egyptian papyrus (William M. Brashear, «A Mithraic Catechism from Egypt»):

Verso

[...] He will say: 'Where [...]?'

[...] is he at a loss there?' Say: [...]'

[...] Say: 'Night'. He will say: 'Where [...]?'

[...] Say: 'All things [...]'

'[...] are you called?' Say: 'Because of the summery[...]'

[...] having become [...] he/it has the fiery ones '[...] did you receive?' Say: 'In a pit'. He will say:

'Where is your [...]?'

'[...] [in the] Leonteion.' He will say: 'Will you gird [...]?'

'[...] death'. He will say: 'Why, having girded yourself, [...]?'

[...] this [has?] four tassels.

Recto

Very sharp and [...]

[...] much. He will say: '[...]?'

[...] of the hot and cold'. He will say: [...]?'

[...] red [...] linen'. He will say: 'Why?' Say:

[...] red border; the linen, however, [...]

'[...] has been wrapped?' Say: 'The savior's [...]' He will say: 'Who is the father?' Say: 'The one who [begets] everything [...]'

[He will say: 'How] did you become a Leo?'

Say: 'By the [...] of the father [...]'

Say: 'Drink and food'. He will say: '[...]?'

[...] in the seven-[...]

Hymiskviða

I. Ár valtívar veiðar námu ok sumblsamir, áðr saðir yrði, hristu teina ok á hlaut sáu; fundu þeir at Ægis örkost hvera.

Chosen gods in the old days caught a good haul and became thirsty, before they had eaten enough, they carved a bough and looked on blood, found that Ægir owned ships (kettles).

Note: Ægir means "sea".

The chosen gods are the memories of the ancestors, the memory of the ancestors chosen to return to life. In other words, in a more

modern way, the male DNA chosen to be passed on to the offspring. This is the description of what happened before (in the old days). Before, the chosen gods caught a good fish (an egg), they were thirsty, before having eaten enough (before being satiated, to be finished), they created a wand, the umbilical cord, but also the relay, the scepter. By looking at the blood, that means by getting the blood through that cord. As it has been explained many times, the navel is the third eye, so logically, they can "see" the blood. Looking at this blood, they understand that Ægir, the sea, the mother, the amniotic fluid, owns ships or kettles. The kettle is the avatar of the uterus or the egg and the placenta that becomes the amniotic bag, the kettle where the fetus is prepared. In other words, they understood that the god of the sea (amniotic fluid), so the mother, has a kettle for them, a uterus, an egg, a placenta, where they can drink and eat. They learned all this thanks to the umbilical cord they themselves made.

2.
Sat bergbúi
barnteitr fyr
mjök glíkr megi
miskorblinda;
leit í augu
Yggs barn í þrá:
"Þú skalt ásum
oft sumbl gera."

The mountain-dweller sat there happy like a child most like the son of miskor-blind; looked longingly in the eyes of Yggr's child:

"You shall for the spirits often make drink."

Note: Yggr means "the terrible", and is usually understood as a name for Óðinn, because he hangs in Yggdrasill ("The Terrible Horse"). There is no known translation for "miskor". We don't know what it means.

Very interesting second paragraph: The mountain-dweller is the placenta, or Ægir

himself, i. e. the mother through the placenta. He is happy as a child because, precisely, he is here again becoming a child, to be reincarnated (symbolically and really). Probably "the son of miskor-blind" means the son of Óðinn, the blind, or almost blind. He looks long into the eves of Óðinn's son, Þórr. If miskor-blind means Óðinn himself, then he, himself, son of Óðinn, looks himself in the eve. He looks at his reincarnation in his eyes: of course, we are talking here about the umbilical cord. Who speaks afterwards? We don't know. This is maybe the placenta, this is maybe the fetus... But it doesn't matter, since it is the same person, and the sentence is valid in either direction: the fetus tells to the placenta "give me something to drink, to feed my mind", and the placenta tells the fetus "you'll make a drink to me: the spirit". It is the flow of blood in both directions, carrying the necessary nutrients to the brain of the fetus, and the memory, the mind: and the flow of blood from the fetus to the placenta-ancestor: the spirit.

Önn fekk jötni
orðbæginn halr,
hugði at hefndum
hann næst við goð,
bað hann Sifjar ver
sér færa hver, "þanns ek öllum öl
yðr of heita."

The Ettin got much toil
with man tired of words,
he contemplated revenge
he is next to a god,
he asked Sif's husband
that each should find his (drinking vessel),"then I shall
brew beer to all."

Note: Pórr is Sif's husband.

All this was what happened before. Now, we are talking about the present. The Ettin, the mother, the endometrium, has had a lot of work since, with "the man tired of words" that is to say the dead of course, remodeled in and as the placenta, which does not speak. He thinks of

revenge, of vengeance, etymologically it means that he wants "to show his strength". He is next to Pórr, Sif's husband, or his reincarnation, a new Pórr, (the concept of individual in the modern post-Christianity sense among the gods makes no sense). Pórr lives many lives because he is a concept, an Idea concerning yourself. Pórr, as it has been explained in previous works is the heart, the life force, but also, the spermatozoon (so the new heart or life force). The Ettin, the endometrium, is next to Pórr and he tells him: let everyone find his egg (and placenta), and I will prepare them something to eat.

4. Né þat máttu mærir tívar ok ginnregin of geta hvergi, unz af tryggðum Týr Hlórriða ástráð mikit einum sagði:

The honoured gods and great powers did not manage such difficulties, before Týr so loyal alone said gave good advice to Hlórriða:

Note: Týr means "god", originally "beam of light (from the sky)". Hlóriða (alias Hlórriða) probably means "rider of water", "rider of blood" or "rider of fire", and is a name for Þórr.

The gods, the chosen DNA, led by Þórr, the spermatozoon, can not succeed without Týr, the burning arrow, the ray of the sun of course, but also the one that pierces, the one that sends the "rider of water" (no need to explain).

"Býr fyr austan Élivága hundvíss Hymir at himins enda; á minn faðir móðugr ketil, rúmbrugðinn hver, rastar djúpan."

Þórr kvað:

5.
"Lives east of
Élivágr
dog-wise Hymir
by the end of the sky;
my daring father
has a kettle,
very big
a rest deep."

Porr said:

Note: Élivágr can mean "eternal wave", from ælifr + vágr, or "wave of age", from elli + vágr. A "rest" is how far you can travel before you need a rest, in the past usually after about two hours of walking.

Týr explains that to the east of Élivágr (to the east, where the sun is born, thus the place of birth: like Persia was to the east of Greece, from where the Persian attributes of Mithra) lives Hymir, wise as a dog. In fact, it means that he sends Þórr east of Élivágr. The genealogy here seems very special, you will agree. Tyr speaks of his father Hymir, while his father is normally Óðinn, even if he himself is the father of Týr... That's right because the gods should not be seen as humans and individuals in the modern sense but as Ideas, concepts in a Socratic way, and physical elements. Let us explain: Hymir is a word game with Ymir, which etymologically speaking means "the twin". As explained in detail in The Secret of the Bear, the twin in myths, the one who is killed by the other (Remus, Pollux) is always the placenta-ancestor, the tree of life, put to death by Castor, the one who cuts and eats wood (also the tree)...

Hymir, the placenta, (and thus of course the father of the one who talks about it, since it is always the ancestor, the father) has, or has the possibility of having a large kettle, the enlarged egg, which is, remember, a part of the placenta itself.

Interesting also to point out this constant and voluntary mixture of units of time and length measurement or geographical measurements, with the the kettle, described as being «a rest deep». We could also say that the kettle is nine months deep, to understand it in a more modern way. This way of speaking is constant in myths, and it must be understood to capture the meaning of myths.

6.
"Veiztu ef þiggjum þann lögvelli?"

Týr kvað: "Ef, vinr, vélar vit gervum til."

6.
"Do you think
that he will borrow his water-boiler to us?"

Týr said:
"Yes my friend,
if we use cunning."

Þórr asks Týr if he thinks that Hymir will lend them his kettle, and Týr answers that he will, if they use trickery. Nothing particular to explain here, other than that the theme of trickery is almost constant in the symbolism of the reproduction-reincarnation and in the doublet placenta-fetus (ancestor-reincarnated). That's what makes the story, the myth.

Fóru drjúgum
dag þann fram
Ásgarði frá,
unz til Egils kvámu;
hirði hann hafra
horngöfgasta;
hurfu at höllu,
er Hymir átti.

Far they travelled that day from Ásgarðr to Egill they came.
He housed he-goats with beautiful horns; they went to Hymir's hall.

Egill comes from *AgilaR (Proto Norse), formed from Agi: Terror. Egill has two male goats. There, I must explain, even if it was detailed in *The Secret of the Bear*: this is of course the god Pan/Cernunnos, often incarnated in the god Loki in Nordic mythology. It's something that has disappeared from all modern explanations. These myths, this science, come from ancient times, when the domestication of man by civilization was not yet complete. Fear, panic, today scientifically named "adrenaline" is an essential part of wildlife.

Absolutely essential. Essential to any movement. Adrenaline, commonly associated with fear, panic, makes you wild. It is present, and essential in a normal birth, and conditions the fetus ejection reflex (the capacity the woman has to expel out the fetus, see books from Michel Odent), and gives several capacities to the fetus when it comes out (capacity to breathe, and to regulate its temperature a short time). Adrenaline is also essential in the reproductive act. The adrenaline rush is conditioned in these cases by intimacy. Goats are the classic symbols of the god Pan and adrenaline.

In other words, they go to Hymir's house, taking on the road Egill: terror, adrenaline (stopping at his home). Egill is a personified idea, or, said in a modern way, a personified hormone.

Mögr fann ömmu
mjök leiða sér,
hafði höfða
hundruð níu,
en önnur gekk
algullin fram
brúnhvít bera
bjórveig syni:

Terrible grandmother
the young man found,
she carried nine hundred
heads,
another went
all-golden forth
with white eyebrows
she served strong ale to her son.

I almost want to say: "Here they are in the house of Kali-Durga", the goddess with the blue tongue and the skulls belt, the one who carries the world, the bear, the bearing mother. It's funny, Týr said they went to his father, whose wife would probably be his mother, but in fact, the wife of his father is his... grandmother. Filiation has some interesting details (didn't I tell you that the egg you were made from was in fact created by your... grandmother?), But it also highlights the fact that it should not be understood literally. Filiation in reincarnation is that of memories. The bearing mother, the bear, is the one who chooses the dead to be reincarnated, hence the terrible belt of skulls. The skulls are all the deceased, all the memories, all the embryos from which to choose. What is explained after is related to the past, to describe her function: before, another one came, like Pórr today, and she recognized him (accepted) as his son and served him strong beer, which could have been wine: avatars of (breast) milk and (placental) blood or amniotic fluid. All alcoholic products being either an avatar of the blood (fermented and processed food in and by the body), breast milk (here mead is the most common, because it is fermented honey: the favorite food of the She/MotherBear) or amniotic fluid. He was dressed in gold, that means full of blood, life, energy of the sun.

9. "Áttniðr jötna,
ek viljak ykkr
hugfulla tvá
und hvera setja;
er minn fríi
mörgu sinni
glöggr við gesti,
görr ills hugar."

%"Listen, Ettin descendant, sit down both of you under my kettles; because my husband is difficult with strangers and easily becomes angry."

If we compare with classical tales, you can see that we have the image of the ogress (the She-Bear) and her terrible husband. What is said here is meaningless if one tries to understand it directly. Why should they sit under the kettles because the husband is easily irritable with strangers? The kettles are the future kettles, the

eggs, and for the moment, they must remain under them. Besides, it's interesting, at this time the kettles are the one of the wife, not of Hymir.

En váskapaðr varð síðbúinn harðráðr Hymir heim af veiðum, gekk inn í sal, glumðu jöklar, var karls, en kom, kinnskógr frörinn.

The dangerous came back late hard-headed Hymir from the haul (fishing), he went into the hall icicles rang, the forest was frozen.

You have to understand things as follows: Hymir is not yet a person, he is just the placenta/spermatozoon concept (that's why he has a hard head), empty. He has to work with an individual to exist. He comes back from fishing (fishing an egg). But .. He must return empty-handed because the forest is still frozen. Understand, as explained in Paganism Explained I, by frozen: that does not flow. The endometrium/the mother does not release her blood, it does not flow.

Frilla kvað:

II.
"Ver þú heill, Hymir,
í hugum góðum,
nú er sonr kominn
til sala þinna,
sá er vit vættum
af vegi löngum;
fylgir hánum
hróðrs andskoti,
vinr verliða;
Véurr heitir sá.

The mistress said:

"Hail to you, Hymir, in the mind good, now your son has come to your hall, who came from afar we waited long for him; follows him Hróðr's foe, man-friend called Véurr.

Note: Hróðr means "praise", "reputation". Véurr possibly from véi ("the sacred") and úrr ("ox").

It is the mother who takes the famous individuals into her body, she is the one who introduces them. Besides, did I not tell you right now that Hymir was not yet a person, but just a concept? He is simply in the spirit: "in the mind good". Now, his son, his substance, himself has arrived, to make him real. Besides, Hymir and Hróðr means "hymn". This means that Týr («your son») is followed by Þórr («Véurr»), the enemy of reputation, the enemy of glory, and especially the enemy of Hymir. And yet, the next verse says "man-friend"...

Myths are full of riddles. In fact, Þórr is the enemy of Hymir/Hróðr, the enemy of reputation, glory, or more precisely the song of glory, the enemy of the spirit; as water is the enemy of fire. It's not negative. It is a necessary enemy. It is the one who will kill him, in other words who will kill the concept of Hymir, the memory, the name, because he will revive it. This is the same problem as that of the placenta-ancestor who becomes the enemy to slaughter while it was feeding the fetus-reincarnated before. For the placenta-ancestor, the fetus-reincarnated is a friend-foe, a necessary enemy, the one who will bring the final blow to revive him.

12.

"Sé þú, hvar sitja
und salar gafli,
svá forða sér,
stendr súl fyrir."
Sundr stökk súla
fyr sjón jötuns,
en áðr í tvau
áss brotnaði.

"See you, where they sit under the hall-gable, they hide themselves, behind the beam."
The Ettin stared at the beam and it broke the pillar broke in pieces.

Týr and Þórr are hidden behind the pinion (the triangle part that holds the roof: that is to say the uterus) under the beam (which holds the roof), i. e. the neck of the uterus, the cervix. Hymir, the spirit of the ancestor in the mother, invoked by the mother, opens the cervix.

Stukku átta,
en einn af þeim
hverr harðsleginn
heill af þolli;
fram gengu þeir,
en forn jötunn
sjónum leiddi
sinn andskota.

Eight pieces
but one of them
was hard enough
to not break.
They walked forth,
but the old Ettin
followed
his foe
with his eyes.

The cervix is able to open. The size of its opening has been counted and is still counted today in fingers. The midwife's fingers. The cervix opening can be 10 cm in diameter, or about 8 fingers at birth. Here, the fact that one of the pieces has not broken means that the cervix opening is about one finger, which is the case during ovulation in women. This opening allows them to enter the womb.

Sagði-t hánum
hugr vel þá,
er hann sá gýgjar græti
á golf kominn,
þar váru þjórar
þrír of teknir,
bað senn jötunn
sjóða ganga.

Much sollow he felt
when his eyes saw
the female Ettin's bane
come forth on the floor,
Three steers
they brought
to cook,
the Ettin bade.

Understand that spermatozoa are seen as the food and bath of the giants: the Ettin.

15. Hvern létu þeir höfði skemmra ok á seyði síðan báru; át Sifjar verr, áðr sofa gengi, einn með öllu öxn tvá Hymis.

Every ox became
a head shorter;
then they were
thrown on the fire.
Sif's husband
before he went to sleep
took two whole oxen
for himself.

Here again, except that we have the additional detail of the cut head, and that is what happens to the spermatozoa during fertilization. The "nutritive" part of the spermatozoon is the head, which is not the case in real bulls. Note that when the cervix opens, all excess sperm are not expelled from the uterus, they are "eaten" by the endometrium: the carpet of blood covering the

uterus, here symbolized by the giants and fire, fire being an avatar of blood.

16.
Pótti hárum
Hrungnis spjalla
verðr Hlórriða
vel fullmikill:
"Munum at aftni
öðrum verða
við veiðimat
vér þrír lifa."

He thought that
the gray-haired friend of Hrungnir
Hlórriða's evening meal
had been very large:
"Next evening
we will need
to get our food
from fishing and hunting."

Hrungnir ("the noisy" or "the brawler") is the mother, or more exactly the heart, the blood of the mother. Her friend is of course her husband, the father, avatar of the ancestor (which is why he has gray hair) to be reborn, the one who

brings the ancestor into the mother. The images in the second part of the verse (hunting and fishing) will be explained later.

17.
Véurr kvaðzk vilja
á vág róa,
ef ballr jötunn
beitr gæfi.
Hymir kvað:
"Hverf þú til hjarðar,
ef þú hug trúir,
brjótr berg - Dana,
beitur sækja.

Véurr wanted to row out on the sea if the bold Ettin would give him bait.

Hymir said:
"Of my herd
you mountain destroyer
can seek bait
if you believe in your own strength.

Véurr is a name of Þórr, which clearly explains that it is one of the spermatozoa: «urr» means «ox», so a castrated bull; and «vé» means «sacred»: the one who will be chosen, etymologically, the one who is offered/sacrificed... It is the same castrated and sacrificed ox as in the cult of Mithras, do you understand? To fish (to fertilize, and thus to transform, in order to become alive), Pórr/Véurr must possess a bait, an ox thus, which explains its name. Note that in myths, the ancestor is not often present. Porr is not directly the ox, he is not, he is transforming, he is metamorphosing, only his essence is, and it does not have a name, its names are those of its appearances. Hymir is another form of Þórr, his future himself, the spirit of the ancestor in the mother (in the endometrium) that accompanies him. Þórr is allowed to take a bait.

18.

Dess vænti ek,
at þér myni-t
ögn af oxa
auðfeng vera."

Sveinn sýsliga
sveif til skógar,
þar er uxi stóð
alsvartr fyrir.

I think
that it is unusual for you
to tale an ox
as bait."
Swift to the forest
the young man went
there he found
an all black ox.

Hymir allows him to take an ox (a castrated bull) that Pórr will find in the forest (in the endometrium, in the womb).

19. Braut af þjóri þurs ráðbani hátún ofan horna tveggja.

Hymir kvað:
"Verk þykkja þín
verri miklu
kjóla valdi
en þú kyrr sitir."

He took the animal the Ettin bane broke then off his fortress with both the horns.

Hymir said:

"Even worse
deeds you do
than when you sit still
you steerer of ships.
[The Ettin had then
taken out the boat.
Pórr went to the vessel
and sat down,
took two oars,

and the Ettin thought at the ship started to go real fast.

Hymir himself sat in the bow of the boat, and they both rowed, as hard as they could.

Hymir then said that they had arrived to that place where there was hope to catch fish.]

From the moment Þórr has his bait, it is he who leads the boat, so to speak. Hymir is only the spirit in the female body, the guide, who also explains to Þórr when he is arrived at the ideal place to fish (the fish being, here, an avatar of the egg, even if the elements do not have such precise limits in this myth).

Bað hlunngota
hafra dróttinn
áttrunn apa
útar færa,
en sá jötunn
sína talði
lítla fýsi
at róa lengra.

The sea horse can go further out, ape-son", said the goat-king.
The giant meant that he had little wish to row further.

The sea horse is the boat, avatar of the (future) placenta. The goat-king, the adrenaline (see explanation above), who pushes him forward (probably speaking through Hymir), tells him that he still has the strength to go further. And yet Hymir himself discourages him, since he does not really want to row further. The boat has the strength to go further, thanks to the adrenaline, but Hymir does not want to because

he is afraid, and as explained before, the fear is a manifestation of the adrenaline itself. This seems at first reading illogical but is not. Adrenaline is both fear and what drives you to action. Adrenaline is an essential hormone for both sexual intercourse and birth.

Dró meir Hymir
móðugr hvali
einn á öngli
upp senn tváa,
en aftr í skut
Óðni sifjaðr
Véurr við vélar
vað gerði sér.

Brave Hymir
pulled up
two whales on his hook,
on a single cast.
But in the stern
the friend of Óðinn,
Véurr, with cunning
prepared his cast.

Here the action is split in two stages, with Hymir's fishing, and later Pórr's fishing, but it is actually about just one stage. Hymir catches two eggs, in fact one for each, which means, as they are the same person, just one.

Egndi á öngul,
sá er öldum bergr,
orms einbani
uxa höfði;
gein við agni,
sú er goð fía,
umgjörð neðan
allra landa.

He fixed on the hook saver of man, destroyer of worms the ox head.
Gaping over the hook, the enemy of gods, the girdler from below over all lands.

Very interesting verse. Why, if one reads the text literally, why would the bull's head be the one that saves man, and even better, the one who destroys worms? It does not mean anything. And yet. Of course that makes sense. The savior of man, the one who destroys the worms, is the one who pulls out from the grave, the one who makes reincarnation possible. Worms devour and destroy the body, they return it to the soil. The head of the ox, the spermatozoid, the sacrificed ox, is the savior of the man, the one who revives the ancestor. Þórr/Véurr catches the girdler, the one who puts the rings in the nose of oxen (did I not tell you in a previous volume that the ring in the tales was the image of the navel?). What does that mean? Is he the one who catches, or is he the catch? Both because his catch and himself are the same.

All this verse, and only this verse, describes the first symbolic pregnancy, leading to reincarnation (there are always three). The construction of this poem expresses well what has been described in *The Secret of the Bear* regarding the three pregnancies and the number Pi. These three pregnancies of the ritual of reincarnation are intertwined as if the birth of the first and the second was simply a

vision of the future.

23. Dró djarfliga dáðrakkr Þórr orm eitrfáan upp at borði; hamri kníði háfjall skarar ofljótt ofan ulfs hnitbróður.

Brave he pulled fast-acting Þórr, the venomous worm up to the surface.

The hammer sounded in the hair hill of the friend of the wolf.

So he takes the snake out of the sea and the hammer sounded in the hair hill of the friend of the wolf. He takes the snake out of the womb (from the amniotic bag) and we can hear his heart resound on the belly (the hairy hill) of the mother (the wolf being the female genitals, the

friend of these genitals therefore is the mother). In short: he was born.

Hraungalkn hlumðu,
en hölkn þutu,
fór in forna
fold öll saman;
sökkðisk síðan
sá fiskr í mar.

24.
The creature howled,
resounded in the mountains,
the whole old
Earth trembled.

[But Hymir took the knife and cut the line]
And the fish sank fast into the sea.

The creature (the mother) howls, like the wolf, and her sound resounds in the mountains (the belly, the pelvis), and the old Earth (mother, belly, uterus) began to tremble (of course, it is the contractions of the uterus). Hymir (the spirit of the ancestor in the mother) takes the knife

and cuts the line (the umbilical cord) and the fish/snake returns in the sea (the uterus).

25. Óteitr jötunn, er aftr reru, svá at ár Hymir ekki mælti, veifði hann ræði veðrs annars til.

Hymir kvað:

Unhappy was the Ettin
when they returned
sat by the oars,
and said not a word,
he the boat turned around,
straight towards land.

Hymir said:

Here they are already back. They don't say a word because they are in the womb again.

26.
"Mundu of vinna verk halft við mik,
at þú heim hvali
haf til bæjar
eða flotbrúsa
festir okkarn."

26.
"Shall we put
equal work into this
then you carry the whales
to the farm,
or you take the sea goat
and place it on land."

Hymir offers Pórr to choose his work. Either he takes the two whales to the farm, or he brings back the sea goat (the boat, with the reminder of the life force, the adrenaline).

Gekk Hlórriði,
greip á stafni
vatt með austri
upp lögfáki,
einn með árum
ok með austskotu
bar hann til bæjar
brimsvín jötuns
ok holtriða
hver í gegnum.

Went Hlórriða
and took the boat in the stem
threw the sea horse up
with the water in it.
With the oars and bailer
Ettin's surf-swine
he carried to the farm
through forests
and forested valleys.

Pórr apparently chooses both jobs. He throws the sea horse (the boat, the placenta) up to land by holding it by the stem (the umbilical cord) with the water it contains (the blood, the amniotic fluid). He takes the whales too, here called sea pigs. The pig or the wild boar is a classic avatar of the amnniotic bag (the body of the pig) and the placenta that hangs on it (the snout that scratches the soil, looking for food: the soil being the mother's womb). He takes them through the forest and valleys covered with forests (the uterus, forests and trees are the placenta and/or the endometrium, which have this same nurturing function).

28.
Ok enn jötunn
um afrendi,
þrágirni vanr,
við Þór sennti,
kvað-at mann ramman,
þótt róa kynni
kröfturligan,
nema kálk bryti.

And still the Ettin
wanted to
give Pórr
defiance give.
"Though the man can row
not truly strong
will I call him
unless he can break my cup."

What does Hymir mean here? He's going to call him unless he breaks his cup? Call him where? To death of course. He will kill him. In other words, the spirit of the ancestor in the sea challenges the fetus. Like the image of war, the symbolic pregnancy is experienced as a permanent challenge, a fight. The cup here, as always, is a classic avatar of the placenta with the umbilical cord. So we are at birth, where the placenta must be fought and broken, cut off. If Pórr does not destroy the placenta, then Hymir, the mother will keep him (call him), either his spirit (he will be born dead), or totally, because, as we know, a fetus can stay in his mother's womb and is then changed to stone by the placenta (you can read about the lithopedions, phenomenon explained in The Secret of the

En Hlórriði,
er at höndum kom,
brátt lét bresta
brattstein gleri;
sló hann sitjandi
súlur í gögnum;
báru þó heilan
fyr Hymi síðan.

Hlórriða took the cup
in his hand
the stone he broke,
but the cup held together.
He sitting down
hit it through the pillars,
whole they carried
the cup to Hymir.

Pórr tries to break it, sitting (like the fetus in thewomb), with a stone (the heart, his hammer). The stone get broken (he receives blood from impulses from the placenta from the heart of the mother, the heart being symbolically broken when it gives blood). He then throws the cup into the pillars. The pillars are, like the columns of Hercules, the bones of the pelvis. The cup, the placenta, is attached to the amniotic bag, which is itself part of the placenta. At birth, the fetus taps with his head covered with the amniotic bag against the cervix and pelvis, causing contractions of the uterus. Sometimes it so breaks the cup (sorry, the amniotic bag/placenta), which speeds up the delivery considerably, but not always, or at least not the first time. The contractions bring back, like a breath, the amniotic bag/placenta upwards.

Unz þat in fríða
frilla kenndi
ástráð mikit,
eitt er vissi:
"Drep við haus Hymis,
hann er harðari,
kostmóðs jötuns
kálki hverjum."

30.
But then the beautiful mistress helped, goodwill-advice she gave him.
"The head of Hymir, is harder than glass, throw the cup on his head."

The beautiful mistress is at the same time the midwife and/or the mother and/or the fairy. This verse is mysterious, as are the real reasons for the initiation of childbirth. There is the idea that the cup is broken by the head (of the fetus), but at the same time, a spirit from nowhere (the spirit of the ancestor: Hymir) seems to inhabit the fetus for it to work this time. Indeed the fetus/Pórr had already tried before, but without

success. Note that in deliveries, midwives often pierce the amniotic bag with a wand, to help effective contractions to happen. In the absence of water on the head of the fetus, his strikes with his head to open the cervix are then more violent and more effective. The midwife who was very often the grandmother or an experienced old woman is also seen as the ancestor outside.

31.
Harðr reis á kné hafra dróttinn, færðisk allra í ásmegin; heill var karli hjalmstofn ofan, en vínferill valr rifnaði.

Suddenly the goat-king got up on his knees, used all his spirit-power; the Ettin head was undamaged, but shattered was the cup.

[Hymir said:]

The king of goats? Understand: Pan, adrenaline. Absolutely necessary for the expulsion of the fetus, the adrenaline pushes the mother to get up (often it is precisely on her knees, in the physiological deliveries) and it gives her the final force necessary for the fetus ejection reflex (see Michel Odent). The cup (the amniotic bag/the placenta) is broken.

32.
"Mörg veit ek mæti mér gengin frá, er ek kálki sé ór knéum hrundit;" karl orð of kvað: "knákat ek segja aftr ævagi, þú ert, ölðr, of heitt.

"Full treasures worth
I lost
when I see the cup
broken on my knee":
He spoke "can I never
again say "Beer! You are brewed!"

Hymir sees the broken cup and accepts that he has lost. He will not be able to make beer again (blood/amniotic fluid: alcohol and fermented juices being the avatars of body fluids, a food transformed and fermented by the body). Here, beer is preferred to the classic wine (blood avatar) because it probably refers more specifically to the amniotic fluid to which it resembles.

33.
Pat er til kostar,
ef koma mættið
út ór óru
ölkjól hofi."
Týr leitaði
tysvar hræra;
stóð at hváru
hverr kyrr fyrir.

33.
"Now it remains to be seen if you can carry out from my hall, the ale-ship."
Twice Týr tried but the kettle twice stood still.

But it is not finished, now they have to come out of the womb, and also take with them what they were looking for, which will make the third and final symbolic pregnancy (so the effective reincarnation) possible: the kettle/the ship (the placenta and amniotic bag). Týr does not succeed, twice, the placenta is indeed hung up to about half an hour after delivery to the walls of the uterus.

34.
Faðir Móða
fekk á þremi
ok í gegnum steig
golf niðr í sal;
hóf sér á höfuð upp
hver Sifjar verr,
en á hælum
hringar skullu.

34. Móði's father got a good grip went through the floor he stepped; up on the head he threw the kettle, but the handles clattered about his heels.

Have you seen? Móði (courage) is the son of Þórr. Interesting that we are talking about Þórr's son at this time of his (re)birth, but this is only a detail. Móði's father, so it's Þórr. But here the description is simply striking. Please picture things well in your mind. The fetus is (most often) back in the womb, head down, and the placenta, most often, is placed at the top, under its buttocks (that's why, in myths, the placenta is often a horse, a seat, a boat, etc.). This is the third try: on the head, Þórr/the fetus passes through the floor (the cervix, the pelvis) and he pulls with him the kettle/placenta whose handles (the cord) hit his heels. If it's not a description of birth, then tell me, what is it?

35. Fóru-t lengi, áðr líta nam aftr Óðins sonr einu sinni; sá hann ór hreysum með Hymi austan folkdrótt fara fjölhöfðaða. Fared not long,
before they looked back,
Óðinn's son,
once more to see;
he saw coming
from the East with Hymir
many-headed army
charge.

He looks back, and sees an army of giants coming with Hymir. The giants and Hymir are the endometrium and the placenta, which are always seen as enemies to be slaughtered at birth (the cord must be cut, which symbolically is the same as cutting the head of the placenta)

Hóf hann sér af herðum
hver standanda,
veifði hann Mjöllni
morðgjörnum fram,
ok hraunhvala
hann alla drap.

He threw the kettle down from his back, the murderous Mjöllnir he wielded and the stone-whales he all killed.

With his own heart (Mjöllnir, his hammer), he kills his enemies. This is exactly what happens at birth, since the baby's heart then works without outside blood supply. The baby breathes and the cord/placenta stops beating and therefore dies. Stone whales are a reference to the fact that when the placenta (egg, whale) is too old, it becomes calcified/fossilized... to make short: it turns into stone. If it keeps the fetus too long with it, the fetus will itself be fossilized.

37.
Fóru-t lengi,
áðr liggja nam
hafr Hlórriða
halfdauðr fyrir;
var skær skökuls
skakkr á beini,
en því inn lævísi
Loki of olli.

Fared not long,
before half-dead,
Hlórriða's goat
on the ground.
The pole-horse
was lame
and that was done
by the cunning Loki.

Reference to adrenaline (and hormones in general), also imaged in Nordic mythology by the cunning Loki. It is explained how the birth was possible, and how the placenta was expelled and killed: how the blood in the cord stopped flowing, which is equivalent to cutting the cord, here the paw of the horse-cord (the placenta-cord).

38. En ér heyrt hafið, - hverr kann of þat goðmálugra görr at skilja? - hver af hraunbúa hann laun of fekk, er hann bæði galt börn sín fyrir.

38.
Heard it you have about this - can every god-knowing, man tell - what from mountain-dweller, fine he got where he both his children he asked to follow.

39. Próttöflugr kom á þing goða ok hafði hver, þanns Hymir átti; en véar hverjan vel skulu drekka ölðr at Ægis eitt hörmeitið.

To the thing of the gods the firm one came brought the kettle that Hymir owned, well shall gods every winter hard, beer drink in Ægir's hall.

Only one of the two children of the mountain-dweller (the mother) escaped. Classically, the placenta is seen as the twin of the child, but also as the sacrificed ancestor. One is dead (the placenta) so that the other (the fetus) can live. Whoever has come out brings the famous kettle, the placenta/amniotic bag, necessary for the actual reincarnation of the gods, the birth of the third symbolic pregnancy. Remember, that was the whole point of this journey.

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- -Paganism Explained, Part I: Þrymskviða
- -Paganism Explained Part II: Little Red Riding Hood & Jack and the Beanstalk

PAGANISM EXPLAINED



PART IV: VALHÖLL & ODINN IN YGGDRASILL

VARG VIKERNES & MARIE CACHET

Paganism Explained Part IV: Valhöll & Óðinn in Yggdrasill By Varg Vikernes & Marie Cachet



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Initial Notes

In this booklet we will look at original sources and what they say about Valhöll and then explain what it means. We will also explain the myth about Óðinn sacrificing himself in the Tree of Life.

Varg Vikernes June 2018

Grímnismál

Most of what we know about Valhöll comes from some of the stanzas of Grímnismál, and then this is supported by what is said in The Younger Edda. Normally the stanzas of the myths are only partly translated by the scholars, because all the *names* are left untranslated. Often the stanzas listing the names of the rivers and horses (and in other poems dwarves) are even left out completely. Because they make no sense to them. "It's just a list of names."

In 1998 I finished the book *Germansk Mytologi og Verdenanskuelse* ("Germanic Mythology and World View") where I actually translated also the names in the mythology. Amazingly, nobody else had done that before! This was a very time-consuming and tedious task that took several years to complete, and although the book itself is littered with misconceptions it proved to be a huge leap forward for our understanding of mythology. It showed for

the first time that the names themselves are the keys to understanding the mythology.

So when I translate the stanzas below into English, I will also translate the names, when I can (some few names have an unknown meaning), and thus enable us to actually *understand* what Grímnismál is telling us. First of all though, I will list the original Norse stanzas dealing with Valhöll:

- 8. Glaðsheimr heitir inn fimmti, þars in gullbjarta Valhöll víð of þrumir; en þar Hroftr kýss hverjan dag vápndauða vera.
- 9. Mjök er auðkennt, þeim er til Óðins koma salkynni at séa; sköftum er rann reft, skjöldum er salr þakiðr, brynjum um bekki strát.

- 10. Mjök er auðkennt,
 þeir er til Óðins koma
 salkynni at séa:
 vargr hangir fyr vestan dyrr,
 ok drúpir örn yfir.
 18. Andhrímnir lætr í Eldhrímni
 Sæhrímni soðinn, fleska bezt;
 en þat fáir vitu,
 við hvat einherjar alask.
- 19. Gera ok Freka seðr gunntamiðr hróðigr Herjaföður; en við vín eitt vápngöfugr Óðinn æ lifir.
- 20. Huginn ok Muninn fljúga hverjan dag Jörmungrund yfir; óumk ek of Hugin, at hann aftr né komi-t, þó sjámk meir of Munin.
- 21. Þýtr Þund, unir Þjóðvitnis fiskr flóði í; árstraumr þykkir ofmikill Valglaumni at vaða.

- 22. Valgrind heitir, er stendr velli á heilög fyr helgum dyrum; forn er sú grind, en þat fáir vitu, hvé hon er í lás of lokin.
- 23. Fimm hundruð dura ok umb fjórum tögum, svá hygg ek á Valhöllu vera; átta hundruð Einherja ganga senn ór einum durum, þá er þeir fara við vitni at vega.
- 24. Fimm hundruð golfa ok umb fjórum tögum, svá hygg ek Bilskirrni með bugum; ranna þeira, er ek reft vita, míns veit ek mest magar.
- 25. Heiðrún heitir geit, er stendr höllu á ok bítr af Læraðs limum; skapker fylla hon skal ins skíra mjaðar; kná-at sú veig vanask.

- 26. Eikþyrnir heitir hjörtr, er stendr höllu á ok bítr af Læraðs limum; en af hans hornum drýpr í Hvergelmi, þaðan eigu vötn öll vega.
- 27. Síð ok Víð, Sækin ok Eikin, Svöl ok Gunnþró, Fjörm ok Fimbulþul, Rín ok Rennandi, Gipul ok Göpul, Gömul ok Geirvimul, þær hverfa um hodd goða, Þyn ok Vín, Þöll ok Höll, Gráð ok Gunnþorin.
- 28. Vína heitir ein, önnur Vegsvinn, þriðja Þjóðnuma, Nyt ok Nöt, Nönn ok Hrönn, Slíð ok Hríð, Sylgr ok Ylgr, Víð ok Ván, Vönd ok Strönd, Gjöll ok Leiftr, þær falla gumnum nær, er falla til Heljar heðan.
- 29. Körmt ok Örmt ok Kerlaugar tvær, þær skal Þórr vaða dag hvern, er hann dæma ferr at aski Yggdrasils, því at ásbrú brenn öll loga, heilög vötn hlóa.

30. Glaðr ok Gyllir, Glær ok Skeiðbrimir, Silfrintoppr ok Sinir, Gísl ok Falhófnir, Gulltoppr ok Léttfeti, þeim ríða æsir jóm dag hvern, er þeir dæma fara at aski Yggdrasils.

Normally stanzas 27 to 30 are not believed to be related to Valhöll, but I will show you that they indeed are.

Óðinn in the Sacred Tree

We can start by explaining why it is called Valhöll. This is generally believed to be "The Hall of the Fallen", and scholars compare it to the Judeo-Christian eternal "Heavenly Paradise", claiming it is the "Paradise" of the Norsemen, where only those who died in combat would come. If you translate the name though, you will find that it can also translate as "Hall of the Chosen". Norse *valr* means "the fallen in a battle", but Norse *val* means "selection", "choosing" and "assortment". So it can be the hall of the fallen, but also the hall of the

ones that have been selected.... but selected for what? And by whom?

Let us jump right into the translation and also the explanation to what the verses mean.

- 8. Glaðsheimr heitir inn fimmti, þars in gullbjarta Valhöll víð of þrumir; en þar Hroftr kýss hverjan dag vápndauða vera.
- 8. The fifth is Glaðsheimr ("Fair Home"), gold-bright there stands wide Valhöll;. And there does Hroftr each day choose men who have been killed with weapons.

Glaðsheimr is the home of Óðinn. Hroftr - a name for Óðinn - *might* mean "Sage", but it has no certain meaning. So at first glance it seems as if Óðinn, calling himself Hroftr here for some reason, sits in his "Heaven" and lets those who were killed with weapons come to his hall. This is what the scholars have told us, right? This is *the* Valhöll cliché. The Warrior's Paradise.

But what and who is Óðinn? And why would he care if you were killed with weapons or not? Because of Honour, right? It is more honourable for a man to die in battle than in bed. Ok, we can agree, but what is Honour? And more importantly: how did our forebears see it and why was it so important? Because they wanted to go to Valhöll? But what if you had great Honour and were not killed by weapons? You would then not go to Valhöll - if we are to take the stanza and what it says literally. And that doesn't make much sense does it? Who cares about how you die, if you lived an Honourable life!? But if we take it literally, a great warrior who fights and survives for decades, only to die e. g. by accidentally tripping over something and hitting his head, would not go to Valhöll, but some coward who has never seen battle in his life is accidentally killed by a hunter's spear (a weapon), he will?

Something is amiss here. Something is not right about the official version of this.

But before we continue let us have a look at Óðinn. Like I said, what and who is he? The king of the gods, Frigg's husband, Baldr's father, etc. etc. etc. Fine, but what if we actually take a look at the Óðinn myth that best defines Óðinn, namely Hávamál, and in particular stanza 138-139, where he hangs himself in the sacred tree, falls down and picks up the runes? Let's do that first of all, and see if we can from these stanzas understand better who and what Óðinn is:

From Hávamál:

Stanza 138.

Veit ek, at ek hekk
vindga meiði á
nætr allar níu,
geiri undaðr
ok gefinn Óðni,
sjalfr sjalfum mér,
á þeim meiði,
er manngi veit
hvers af rótum renn.

I trow I hung,
on the windy tree
nights all nine,
with spear wounded
and given to Óðinn,
myself given to myself,
in that tree
that nobody knows
of what roots it runs.

139. Við hleifi mik sældu né við hornigi; nýsta ek niðr, nam ek upp rúnar, æpandi nam, fell ek aftr þaðan.

139.
No bread they gave me nor drink from a horn,
I looked down,
picked up secrets,
took them and screamed,
yet again I fell from there.

Many like to see this as some sort of heroic self-sacrifice for deeper spiritual knowledge, achieved through suffering and fasting. They like to think that the rune signs came about this way: he picked them up from the ground and then he finally fell from the tree.

But why did he fall? Why did he hang there for nine nights? Why was he wounded with a spear? Why didn't he eat or drink from a horn? How could he survive nine nights without drinking? How could he even give himself to himself? What does that even mean? How could he pick up the runes before he fell? And why did he fall again? Had he fallen already!? If so, why didn't he pick up the runes (before?) the first time he fell? When did he fall the first time? How many times has he fallen from that tree, and why isn't there anything about those other times in the myths?!

We can bury ourselves in questions like these, and dig deep into the absurd, or we can realize that this poem is *not* about an old one-eyed god who hangs himself in a tree. He is a *symbol* with a deeper meaning.

Yes. We need to think symbols here. What is it Óðinn *symbolizes* in our mythology? If he is not some old one-eyed god riding around on an eight-legged horse, then what is it he symbolizes?

In fact, we need to realize that *everything* in the myths are symbols! Not just the named gods and places, trees and ettins and whatever. Everything is a symbol with a deeper meaning, and not least, everything is there for a reason. Óðinn. The tree of life. Nine days. The spear. Not eating. Not drinking from a horn. Falling. Picking up the secrets. Everything means something *else*. Everything symbolizes something else!

Thankfully, our forebears made that very clear to us, because if the myths don't mean something else, if they don't have a hidden meaning, then... they make no sense! They show us the impossible, so that we shall understand that there is something else here. Or do you really think that they made impossible stories that we were supposed to believe in? Wagons pulled by goats flying through the sky? Hammers that return to your hand when you throw it? Gods transforming into mares and giving birth to an eight-legged horse that can fly? Really?

If you believe that this is what our mythology tells us, and that this is what our forebears believed in, then I have some news for you: It doesn't. They didn't.

So let us find out what these symbols mean....

The name Óðinn translates as "Mind", "Thought" and "Excited State of Mind". It can also mean "Mad", "Wild", "Furious"

and "Eager", but it's meaning is mainly and first of all "Mind". The tree he hangs himself in is not a real tree, but the placenta: it looks like a tree though, and it gives life. Óðinn is the "father of the gods", and he attaches himself to the tree of life with a spear: to the placenta with the umbilical cord. The "nine nights" are the nine solar months of pregnancy. Naturally, he does not eat anything there, whilst in the womb of the mother. He does not drink from any horns whilst there either. He gets all his nourishment via the umbilical cord.

Óðinn is the Mind... that is being *re-incarnated*. He is the sum of all the forebears, "the father of all the gods", in one symbol.

"...given to Óðinn, myself given to myself..."

His Mind is poured into the new physical body, the child, the fetus, from the tree of life, as it is created in the womb of the mother. Allt veit ek, Óðinn,
hvar þú auga falt,
í inum mæra
Mímisbrunni.
Drekkr mjöð Mímir
morgun hverjan
af veði Valföðrs.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?

All I know, Óðinn,
where your eye is hidden,
in the famous well of Mímir
Every morning
Mímir mead drinks
from the father of the chosen's pledge.
Do you still not know enough or what?

Ah, but you have been told by the scholars that Óðinn has only one eye, right? Well, he does not. That is of course also a symbol for something else. His "one eye in the well of Mímir", that he had to sacrifice for knowledge, is his belly button... when he is

in the womb of the mother it is connected to the umbilical cord – his spear, alias Mímir's well. That long well that connects him to the tree of life.

Oh, I guess it's time to translate the name Mímir for you: "Reminiscence"! Which of course is defined as "the act or process of recalling past experiences, events, etc."

I told you he was re-incarnating, but to recall past lives, and become himself again, himself given to himself, he needs to connect to the tree of life, that we also know as Mímir's head. His learning process starts in the womb of the mother, and he learns from the placenta.

Funnily enough, that is *exactly* what happens too.... the placenta is instrumental in activating genes in the fetus, in giving it life, in creating the child. Like an architect for a building. No matter the amount of materials you have at your hand: No architect, no functional building.

Then finally he is born:

"I looked down,
picked up secrets,
took them and screamed,
yet again I fell from there."

He picked up the runes (secrets) *before* he fell, because they represent what he learnt from Mimir, based on previous lives. He falls *again*, because he was *re-born*. Óðinn returns to life. He re-incarnates!

....and he is not some old one-eyed god riding an eight-legged horse that can fly through the air. He is the sum of your forebears! He is you. He is your Mind!

You still don't know enough, or what?

Mímameiðr

Let us continue. Where is the connection between Mímir and Yggdrasill? Did I just make that up? Did I over-interpret things here? No, everything is in our mythology, plain and clear, right in front of our eyes. In Fjölsvinnsmál stanza 20 we learn that:

20. Mímameiðr hann heitir, en þat manngi veit, af hverjum rótum renn; við þat hann fellr, er fæstan varir, flær-at hann eld né járn.

20.
Is called Mímameiðr
not many know,
where the roots run,
or how it is felled,
few know,
neither fire nor axe bites it.

Mímameiðr is another name for Yggdrasill, and what does it translate as? "The Tree of Mímir". It is the placenta transferring past experiences to the fetus. Therefore we learn that Óðinn is drinking from the well of Mímir.

Let us talk some more about Yggdrasill before we continue. Because some symbols related to Yggdrasill have not been explained here.

Völuspá, stanza 19:

Ask veit ek standa,
heitir Yggdrasill,
hár baðmr, ausinn
hvíta auri;
þaðan koma döggvar,
þærs í dala falla,
stendr æ yfir grænn
Urðarbrunni.

I know an ash stand is called Yggdrasill it stands tall, wet from white water, from it comes the dew that falls in the valleys stands forever green above the well of Uror.

Urðr translates as "Honour", but is commonly seen as being the norn of the past. Past honour. Again the term "Honour"... we will return to that later on.

And what is it that creates the water in the womb, wherein the fetus lie, whilst being nourished by the placenta? Yes, the amniotic bag. Drops of dew drips over the placenta. Over Yggdrasill.

Grímnismál:

Ratatoskr heitir íkorni,
er renna skal
at aski Yggdrasils,
arnar orð
hann skal ofan bera
ok segja Niðhöggvi niðr.

32.
The squirrel is called Ratatoskr he shall run, on the ash Yggdrasill.
The words of the eagle he shall carry from above and bring down to Niðhöggr.

Ratatoskr means "run about", and we actually see his name explained right after he is mentioned in the stanza. He runs about in the ash tree, bringing words from the eagle to Niðhöggr.

Niðhöggr is commonly known as a worm that gnaws on the roots of Yggdrasill, but his name translates as "Decapitation of the Kinsman".... Yes, it really can translate as that! Niðhöggr is the fetus, "gnawing" on the umbilical cord (the roots of Yggdrasill) connected to the placenta.

Which can remind us of a few things, like Mímir, described as a decapitated head, and of course Óðinn himself, as the sum of the forebears, the *kinsmen*, who when he is re-born has the umbilical cord cut. The placenta is some times described as a head, Mímir, and it is indeed decapitated when Óðinn is born.

"....not many know,
where the roots run,
or how it is felled,
neither fire nor axe bites it."

Yes, because when you are born, the placenta dies, no matter what you do. Neither fire or axe kills it. The placenta kills itself: it gives itself to itself. Óðinn hanging in the tree, and falling down. Re-born.

The eagle that Ratatoskr brings words from is the same eagle we see hanging above Valhöll, as described in Grímnismál stanza 10:

"....above (Valhöll) hangs an eagle."

The eagle itself is a *complete* picture of the same: It comes from an egg and spreads out its wings (the amniotic bag). The head of the eagle is the placenta, normally located above the fetus, and it's claws are the umbilical cord attacked to the fetus. As explained in "The Secret of the She-Bear".

Ratatoskr is a squirrel. Squirrels in Europe are red. What else is red that travels between the placenta and the fetus? Blood. What is it that brings "messages" from the placenta to the fetus? Blood. What is moving fast about in the branches (the veins) of the placenta? Blood. There you have your answer. Ratatoskr is the blood.

You still don't know enough, or what?

Hamingja

".... (Yggdrasill) stands forever green above the well of Urðr ("The Past", "Honour")"

The well of Urðr is the same as the well of Mímir ("Reminiscence"). Óðinn taps into this well, in order to "give himself to himself", in order to let past words and deeds enable him to create new words and to perform new deeds, as explained in stanza 141 in Hávamál. Before stanza 141 comes stanza 140 though, so let us quickly include that too here, just for the sake of completion:

140.
Fimbulljóð níu
nam ek af inum frægja syni
Bölþorns, Bestlu föður,
ok ek drykk of gat
ins dýra mjaðar,
ausinn Óðreri.

140.

Nine powerful songs,
I learned from the famous
son of Bölþorn ("The Bad Thorn"), Bestlá's
("The Best Liquid's") father,
and a drink I enjoyed,
of the precious mead,
that is scooped from Óðreri ("What moves
the Mind").

Do I even need to explain what that means? Don't you know enough already, to understand that? Ok, I will explain it just to be sure, even though I wish to quickly move on to the next verse: The fetus learns the "songs" (memories) of previous lives; the son of "the bad thorn", the umbilical cord, is the amniotic bag; "the best liquid" is the amniotic liquid; the precious mead is the blood of the mother, that is filtered to the fetus via the placenta (that "moves the mind").

So Óðinn has been re-incarnated, but what happens then?

141:

Þá nam ek frævask
ok fróðr vera
ok vaxa ok vel hafask,
orð mér af orði
orðs leitaði,
verk mér af verki
verks leitaði.

141.
Then I became fertile and became wise,
I grew and thrived,
words let me on
to more words,
deeds led me on
to more deeds.

Why? Because he has transferred the "songs" of previous lives from placenta to the fetus. Óðinn, the Mind, not only lives on, but can even continue the journey through a *new* life: the words of the past let him understand more and learn new words. The deeds of the past lets him know

more and enable him to perform new deeds in this life! The accumulated Honour of past lives has been transferred to him in his new body.

We could say that "the Mind travels in bodies". And that is exactly what our forebears said. They called it *Hamingja*. If you look up the word in a Norse dictionary you will find a different meaning though: "(Spirit) Double", "Follower" or "Luck". This was the name for something that gave you luck in life. Some sort of guardian angel.

However, *Hamingja* derives from the term *Ham-gengja*, that literally means "shapewalking", from *hamr* ("shape", "mind") and *genga* ("to walk"). And what was walking in shapes, in physical shapes? Yes: Óðinn. The Mind. The Honour. The accumulated Honour of your past lives.

...and this gave you luck? This protected you like a follower? This was your double? This was Óðinn in you? In order to gain *Hamingja*, you needed to behave Honourably. It was the acts of Honour that built the *Hamingja*! So *Hamingja was* your Honour. *And* the accumulated Honour of your past lives.

142.

Rúnar munt þú finna ok ráðna stafi, mjök stóra stafi, mjök stinna stafi, er fáði fimbulþulr ok gerðu ginnregin ok reist hroftr rögna.

142.

You will find runes (secrets), and interpret secrets, big secrets, powerful secrets, that the great sage recorded, that the sacred gods made and the highest sage carved.

30

And your *Hamingja* is what enables you to do this... The *Honour* of this life, and *the* accumulated *Honour* of past lives.

But then why is it Grímnismál tells us in stanza 8 that it is those killed *by weapons* that come to Valhöll? Is something amiss again here?

Valhöll

So let us return to and explain what is said in Grímnismál:

8. Glaðsheimr heitir inn fimmti, þars in gullbjarta Valhöll víð of þrumir; en þar Hroftr kýss hverjan dag vápndauða vera.

8.

The fifth is Glaðsheimr ("Fair Home"), gold-bright there stands wide Valhöll;. And there does Hroftr each day choose men who have been killed with weapons.

When we know that Óðinn is the Mind, the Honour, the accumulated Honour of the past, that is being transferred from the placenta to the fetus in the womb, and Valhöll is his hall. Then Valhöll is the womb. And what happens in the womb?

Well, in order for there to be a fetus and a placenta and so forth to begin with, an egg needs to be fertilized. A sperm cell needs to be chosen by the egg. Or if you like, an egg needs to be chosen by a sperm cell. How does that happen? It penetrates the egg.... like a spear penetrated Óðinn in the tree, right?

So yes, only those "killed with weapons", only the eggs that are penetrated by sperm cells, come to Valhöll. The others are not chosen for re-incarnation.

9. Mjök er auðkennt, þeim er til Óðins koma salkynni at séa; sköftum er rann reft, skjöldum er salr þakiðr, brynjum um bekki strát. 9.
Easy is it to know
who to Óðinn comes
and beholds the hall
Its rafters are made of spears
the roof is covered with shields,
on the benches mail shirts are strewn

Indeed, by now it should be easy for us to know who comes to Óðinn and beholds his hall. Those who lived an Honourable life – great men and women buried with spears, shields and mail shirts in sacred mounds. This has a double meaning though: the fetus is well protected from impact by the womb of the mother. It acts as armour and a shield, and it is even called "a fortress" in French.

10. Mjök er auðkennt, þeir er til Óðins koma salkynni at séa: vargr hangir fyr vestan dyrr, ok drúpir örn yfir. 10.
Easy is it to know
who to Óðinn comes
and beholds the hall:
a wolf hangs
west of the door
above hangs an eagle.

The door to Valhöll? The door to the womb? I think we all know what that is, and just like in other myths, it is described as or linked to a wolf. See "The Secret of the She-Bear" for more on that.

The eagle hanging above is the placenta, that normally is located on top of the fetus in the womb.

18. Andhrímnir lætr í Eldhrímni Sæhrímni soðinn, fleska bezt; en þat fáir vitu, við hvat einherjar alask. 18. The cook Spirit cooks the wild boar Sea's bacon in the cauldron Fire.

but few men know

what is nourishing those who fight alone

To nourish the fetus, to teach it the "sacred songs" of previous lives, the spirit (Óðinn) needs the fetus to "drink" the blood that comes from the placenta. The wild boar is the amniotic bag (with it's "sea", the amniotic liquid) and the placenta, feeding itself on the mother, like a wild boar feeds itself from digging into the Earth, and the cauldron is the womb. See "The Secret of the She-bear" and "Paganism Explained Part II" for more on the boar as a symbol for this.

19. Gera ok Freka seðr gunntamiðr hróðigr Herjaföður; en við vín eitt vápngöfugr Óðinn æ lifir. 19.

The famous warrior father
accustomed to fighting
feeds Geri ("greedy") and Freki
("the greedy").
But on wine alone
does the weapon-fine
Óðinn ("Mind") forever live.

Who is famous? Yes, the honourable forebear is, Óðinn is. Who is "weaponfine"? Yes, Óðinn is, he has attached himself to an egg with his spear. He does not eat anything himself though. The pregnant mother does that: the wolves. Again you see wolves as a symbol of the woman. She eats the food, and transforms it into blood for the placenta. Óðinn himself, the fetus, drinks only blood (wine). See "The Secret of the She-Bear" for more about why the symbol of the mother is some times a wolf or a dog, some times two and some times three.

20. Huginn ok Muninn fljúga hverjan dag Jörmungrund yfir; óumk ek of Hugin, at hann aftr né komi-t, þó sjámk meir of Munin.

The Huginn ("Mind") and Munin ("Memory")
fly every day
over the wide Earth
I fear that the Mind
does not come back
and even more I fear for the Memory.

Yes, indeed, Óðinn's mind and memory "walks in shapes" every day, over the wide Earth. You see, the Norse term for "day", dagr, means also "lifetime" or just "life". Every time Óðinn falls down from Yggdrasill again, he moves about in the world. He lives. His mind and memory is re-incarnated.

He fears though, that he will not live an Honourable life, and thus not be remembered. If he is not remembered, he will not be re-incarnated.

21. Þýtr Þund, unir Þjóðvitnis fiskr flóði í; árstraumr þykkir ofmikill Valglaumni at vaða.

21.
The Swelling moans,
the great wolf's
fish swim in the flood.
The Age-old-stream seems
too big
to wade for Þjóðvitnir ("Noisy
Fallen/Choosen")

More details, to those who still don't know enough. The swelling mother is being impregnated again. Sperm cells swim into her womb to find an egg. Most of them fail. The river is is too big for them to wade trough. Only one will be chosen! 22. Valgrind heitir, er stendr velli á heilög fyr helgum dyrum; forn er sú grind, en þat fáir vitu, hvé hon er í lás of lokin.

22.

The Gate of the Fallen/Chosen it is called it stands on the mound, sacred in front of sacred doors.

Age-old is the gate and few know how to unlock it.

Actually, yes. Very few know what triggers a birth. Very few knows how to make a woman give birth. We still don't fully understand this today, in the year 2018.

23. Fimm hundruð dura ok umb fjórum tögum, svá hygg ek á Valhöllu vera; átta hundruð Einherja ganga senn ór einum durum, þá er þeir fara við vitni at vega.

23.

Five hundred doors
and another fourty
I believe there must be in the Hall of the
Fallen/Choosen.
Eight hundred warriors fighting alone
can walk through one (each) door
when they go to fight the wolf.

How can eight hundred warriors walk through the same door at the same time, and still be said to "fight alone"? It is because they are all the same individual: all the memories of previous lives in one individual. He is all his forebears, all the accumulated Honour of his kin, but he is also alone. See stanza 24.

Fighting the wolf? That's what you do when you are born. When you pass through that one door to Valhöll, described as a wolf. Again. Like Cerebos guarding the entrance to Hades.

24. Fimm hundruð golfa ok umb fjórum tögum, svá hygg ek Bilskirrni með bugum; ranna þeira, er ek reft vita, míns veit ek mest magar.

24.
Five hundred floors
and another fourty
are built in Bilskirnir ("Wound-Cleansing")
Of all the halls
I know were built,
my son owns the biggest.

This is the birth, because 540 is (5 + 4 + 0 =) 9, so nine months of pregnancy have passed. Also, midwives use the fingers to measure the opening of the cervix, to see if the woman is ready to give birth. She is when the opening is 8 fingers wide. 800 is (8 + 0 + 0 =) 8. The child with all his forebears in him can exit.

The biggest hall is of course the world outside the womb. That he enters when he is born.

25. Heiðrún heitir geit, er stendr höllu á ok bítr af Læraðs limum; skapker fylla hon skal ins skíra mjaðar; kná-at sú veig vanask.

25.

Heiðrún ("Secret Honour") is the name of the goat she stands on the hall and she gnaws on the branches of Lærádr ("Teaching-Mind") she fills up a vessel with the purest mead so that she never goes empty.

Oh, and and here we have the key that unlocks the gate to Valhöll, mentioned in stanza 22. Here we have an explanation to what it is that triggers a birth: The goat Heiðrún. This time the placenta is called "Teaching Mind". That's what I already said: It teaches the fetus the "songs" of previous lives.

This goat is known from Greek mythology as Pan, from Norse as Loki, and from modern science mainly as *adrenaline*. When the adrenaline "gnaws" on the placenta, "the teaching mind", when it rushes through the blood veins, the birth is triggered.

Will the neurons producing adrenaline ever fail to produce? Can we ever run out of adrenaline? According to this stanza we cannot.

26. Eikþyrnir heitir hjörtr, er stendr höllu á ok bítr af Læraðs limum; en af hans hornum drýpr í Hvergelmi, þaðan eigu vötn öll vega.

26.

The hart Eikþyrnir ("Oak-Thorns")
he stands on the hall
and bites on the branches of Læráðr
("Teaching-Mind")
From his horns
drip into Hvergelmi ("Age-old Kettle")
from there all the water comes.

The second trigger for a birth is when the child pushes its head to the inside of the cervix. Like a deer he gores his way out. He breaks the membrane of the fetus with his head, his "horns", causing the water to flow into the "age-old kettle".

The names of the rivers running are as follows:

27. Síð ok Víð, Sækin ok Eikin, Svöl ok Gunnþró, Fjörm ok Fimbulþul, Rín ok Rennandi, Gipul ok Göpul, Gömul ok Geirvimul, þær hverfa um hodd goða, Þyn ok Vín, Þöll ok Höll, Gráð ok Gunnþorin.

27. Tradition/Custom and Wood, Brave and Oaken, Cool and Strife-Trough, Vigorous and Great Skald, Run and Running, Giver and (???), The Old and Spear Swinger, they run about the halls of the gods, Thin and Wine, Toll/Duty and Slope, Greed and Torn-by-Strife.

28. Vína heitir ein, önnur Vegsvinn, þriðja Þjóðnuma, Nyt ok Nöt, Nönn ok Hrönn, Slíð ok Hríð, Sylgr ok Ylgr, Víð ok Ván, Vönd ok Strönd, Gjöll ok Leiftr, þær falla gumnum nær, er falla til Heljar heðan.

28. Girlfriend one is called, another Road-Wise, the third People-Stealer, Good Use and Spear, Brave and Heap-of-Stones, Terrible/Tired and Ride/Storm, Swallow/Drink and She-Wolf, Metal-Ring/The-Two-of-Us and Hope, Difficult and River-Bed/Beach, Resound/Echo and Shining Light, they fall to men, they fall down to Hel ("Hidden", "Hall").

These rivers are what pushes him into the world, into life. They are the qualities or abilities what will keep him alive. For some time...

29. Körmt ok Örmt ok Kerlaugar tvær, þær skal Þórr vaða dag hvern, er hann dæma ferr at aski Yggdrasils, því at ásbrú brenn öll loga, heilög vötn hlóa.

29. Körmt (?) and Örmt (?) and the Twins of the Tub Bath

Þórr shall each day wade through when to give judgement he shall go to the ash tree Yggdrasill ("the terrible horse")

Because of that the spirit-bridge shall burn in flames and the sacred water flow.

The twins of the tub bath (the womb) are the fetus and it's "twin" the placenta, as explained in detail in "The Secret of the She-Bear". Pórr ("Thunder") is the spark of life, the life-force that we all lose at some point, after the day (life) ends, and that comes back to us when we are reborn. When he "goes to the womb of the mother" again, when he "hangs" in Yggdrasill, the placenta. The spirit-bridge that burns in

flames is the cervix that turns red from blood (fire) when the mother gives birth. And yes, she will give birth when her water flows...

The cervix is indeed a bridge for the spirits. This is how Óðinn can return to life. This is his bridge from memory to physical form.

30. Glaðr ok Gyllir, Glær ok Skeiðbrimir, Silfrintoppr ok Sinir, Gísl ok Falhófnir, Gulltoppr ok Léttfeti, þeim ríða æsir jóm dag hvern, er þeir dæma fara at aski Yggdrasils.

30. Fair and Golden, Sea and Fire-Race/Fire-Run, Silver-Hair and Strong, Guardian and Dead-Hoofs, Golden-Hair and Light Footed, the Æsir ("Spirits") ride every day, when they travel to the ash Yggdrasill ("The Terrible Horse").

In order to re-incarnate, all the gods need to ride their "horses", that all describe the placenta, and help you understand the meaning also of the other myths, where the same symbols are used (e. g. the long golden hair being the umbilical cord in the fairy tale called Rapunzel). They are The Terrible Horse, Yggdrasill. The horse as a symbol for the placenta is described in detail in "The Secret of the She-bear".

Do you know enough now, or what? Do you still need to know more to understand what Valhöll is?

Óðinn ek nú heiti...

At this point I will ask you to please read the last stanza of Grímnismál, and tell me if you don't understand what it means by now:

54. Óðinn ek nú heiti, Yggr ek áðan hét, hétumk Þundr fyr þat, Vakr ok Skilfingr, Váfuðr ok Hroftatýr, Gautr ok Jalkr með goðum, Ófnir ok Sváfnir, er ek hygg, at orðnir sé allir af einum mér.

54.
My name is now Óðinn,
Yggr used to be my name,
my name was Þundr before that,
Vakr and Skilfingr,
Váfuðr and Hroftatýr,
Gautr and Jalkr amongst gods,

Ófnir and Sváfnir, all of these, I believe, have become me alone.

Note:

Yggr ("The Terrible"),
Pundr ("Swell"),
Vakr ("Woke"),
Skilfingr ("Separating-Finger"),
Váfuðr ("Wanderer"),
Hroftatýr ("Sage God"),
Gautr ("Boaster"),
Jalkr ("Castrated Horse"),
Ófnir ("Warmer"),
Sváfnir ("Cooler").

This is a summing up of the whole process of re-incarnation.... the 10 lunar months of prengancy. First he is connected to the placenta (Yggr), then the mother's womb swell up (Þundr), then the fetus becomes alive, his heart and mind wakes up (Vákr), then his body developes (Skilfingr), he starts to move (Váfuðr), he learns from Mímir (Hroftatýr), he is born and screams

(Gautr), the umbilical cord is cut (Jalkr) and the child moves from the warm womb (Ófnir) to the cold world (Sváfnir).

At the same time, the listing of names Óðinn used to have, explains how he is the sum of previous lives.

"...all of these, I believe, have become me alone."

He is what he has gone through. In this life. In past lives. And in the world in the middle: In the mother's womb.

Had you known those passwords from the beginning, you could have understood everything about this process from this one single stanza alone...

Conclusion

Now we can tell why Óðinn is said to have had hundreds of names. At least most of them are names that he had in previous lives. He has fallen from Yggdrasill hundreds of times. Each time he is reincarnated he becomes himself alone, and at the same time he is the sum of all his previous lives. The sum of the Honour accumulated in all his previous lives.

But Óðinn is you.... we are all Óðinn. The mythology tells us that we have lived before, hundreds of times. At times it explains how we remember those previous lives from Mímir in the womb of the mother. Other times it explains how we awaken the memories as 7-8 year old children entering burial mounds or visiting sacred trees or beholding the sacred objects we used to own in previous lives.

But always, whether it is from this angle or that angle, in this way or that way, it describes a re-incarnation. They never dreamt of an "eternal afterlife" in some "Heavenly Paradise". They had no such contempt for life or superstitions. Instead they believed in re-incarnation and an Honourable life on Earth.

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